LIFE

GREECE Part V: THE TWO WARS OF DESTINY

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APRIL 5 · 1963 · 25¢

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And ordering's as easy as 1, 2, 3! For phones in your favorite style and color, just call the Business Office or ask your telephone man.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

memo

from James J. Dunn

April 5, 1963

Nielsen Media Service for 1962 is just out, and the results are gratifying. The 17 reporting magazines scored a 5.5 million increase in total circulation and an 11.6 million increase in combined household audience.

But numbers alone, big as they are, don't tell the full story. To understand any magazine's true value as an advertising medium, you must look beyond the numbers to the quality and special characteristics of its audience. Let's take the case for LIFE—naturally, you will discover that the new Nielsen findings present this quality story in dramatic fashion.

> LIFE shows a circulation increase of 236,000 copies for a continental U.S. total of 6,694,000. This is normal, unforced growth. But the important point for advertisers is that simultaneously the number of homes LIFE reaches increased by 810,000, the number of adults reached by 1,200,000, while the cost-per-thousand homes decreased and the number of homes per copy (3.21) continued to be the highest in the weekly, biweekly, supplement or monthly field.

The leading circulation-gainer in the weekly-biweekly field, on the other hand, while up 378,000 copies, actually showed an NMS loss in number of homes reached, a loss in number of homes per copy, a loss in number of adults reached, a loss in number of female adults reached, but an *increase* in cost-per-thousand homes.

Consider the leading circulation-gainer in the women's field. With a circulation exceeding LIFE's, this magazine still has 1 million fewer homes with women readers, fewer female readers, fewer female readers per copy, fewer females in the 18-34 age group, fewer homes with female readers with children, fewer homes with $10,000 and over in income, but a significantly *higher* B&W page cost-per-thousand homes than LIFE.

(over)

VOLUME 54, NUMBER 14 LIFE IS PUBLISHED 51 ISSUES A YEAR AT $6.75. BY TIME INC., 540 N MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS SECOND-CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT CHICAGO, ILL. AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES

Legal agreements do not permit identifying the individual magazines in a memo such as this. However, the strong selling points for LIFE that emerge from the new Nielsen study can be summarized as follows:

Nielsen Category	LIFE 1962 NMS	LIFE 1961 NMS
Total homes reached	21,520,000	20,720,000
Homes per copy	3.21	3.21
Cost per thousand homes		
B&W	$1.57	$1.60
Four-color	$2.38	$2.42
Total adults reached	32,030,000	30,910,000
Male adults reached	16,120,000	15,870,000
Female adults reached	15,910,000	15,040,000

But no matter how many statistics you wade through, the question most advertisers and agencies keep getting back to is cumulative reach and frequency. And after all the cries of "first, first" and "me, me," who do you suppose comes out on top? Let me tell you, in case your computer is feeling out of sorts. In four consecutive issues:

> LIFE reaches 54.9 per cent of all U.S. homes—a total of 30,290,000. This is the top NMS score.
>
> The second-place magazine in the weekly-biweekly field reaches 46.8 per cent—or 25,820,000.
>
> The third-place weekly reaches 40 per cent—22,070,000 homes.
>
> The fourth-place weekly reaches 25.9 per cent or 14,290,000 homes.

To sum up, never before has the quality of LIFE's editorial content been more dramatically reflected in the quality of the audience it attracts.

> Each week, any week, that audience is made up of 60% of all homes earning $10,000 and over, 47% of all homes whose heads have gone to college, 49% of all homes whose head is in the professional or managerial class, 47% of homes with five or more persons, 44% of all homes with children, 45% of all homes in "A" markets.

Ad dollar for ad dollar, you can't beat LIFE. NMS proves it. What's holding up your 26-time order?

Jim Turner

Ad Sales Director

Note: These "inserts" appear only in the copies of LIFE that go to you and our other friends in the advertising and agency business.

Four key differences between

the reckless and the careful investor

(Recognize anyone?)

Here's how to tell one from the other:

Reckless: Flames into action on a tip.

Careful: Ignores the tip and settles down for a good hard look at the facts. What does the company sell? What are its prospects? What have its earnings been? What dividends has it been paying?

The careful investor always has information like this before he invests a penny. Not only to help him make intelligent investments. But to help him choose securities that seem most likely to bring him to his goals. Such as a second income from dividends. Or growth in value of his stock. Or the relative stability of value and income that good bonds can provide.

Reckless: Is happily certain the price can only go up.

Careful: Knows that the prices of stocks and bonds, like other prices, go down as well as up. That a company may falter or fail and may not continue to pay dividends or interest. But he also knows that as America grows through the years he may have the opportunity to grow with it through wise shareownership.

Reckless: Thinks all brokers are alike and any broker will do.

Careful: Knows that brokers differ—though none are infallible. He's aware that a Member Firm of the New York Stock Exchange is required to observe many Exchange rules. And that he will have the services there of a Registered Representative who has had to meet the Exchange's qualifications. A Member Firm can readily provide him with many facts essential to foresighted selection of good stock.

Reckless: Plunges with whatever money he has, hoping for fast gains.

Careful: Watches his income like a hawk. Keeps one eye on the future. From the top he draws enough to pay all normal living expenses. Next he puts aside what's necessary to provide for any major emergency. On what remains he plans his investments.

If you like the idea of investing systematically, you'll be interested in the Monthly Investment Plan. Through the Plan you can select stock from among America's greatest companies and invest with as little as $40 every three months ($3.08 a week). Just send the coupon below for a booklet packed with useful information—including a description of the Plan.

Own your share of American business

Members New York Stock Exchange

For offices of Members nearest you, look under "New York Stock Exchange" in the stock broker section of the Yellow Pages.

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET. Mail to a Member Firm of the New York Stock Exchange, or to the New York Stock Exchange, Dept. J-M, P.O. Box 1070, New York 1, N.Y.

Please send me, free, "INVESTMENT FACTS," listing more than 400 stocks that have paid dividends every three months for twenty years or more.

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This One

AB5H-99J-B4HP

65 ways to be the hostess with the mostest

This gathering of international airline hostesses took time out from their globe-hopping to bring you an interesting fact: Bulova makes the mostest 14 Kt. and 18 Kt. gold watch styles for women. 65 separate styles! A *different* one for every good will ambassadress in the group—and more.

How about your favorite hostess? For her, Bulova offers a choice of precious gold watches in all these styles. Exquisitely carved yellow gold watches. Elegant white gold watches ablaze with diamonds. Exciting multi-color gold watches that combine the fabulous colors of a sunset sky. Dainty watches no bigger than a fingernail. Tailored watches for her tweeds. Glamorous watches for gala evenings. Gold . . . gold . . . gold in 65 beautiful watch designs. Created by world-famous Bulova stylists. Each has a Bulova precision jeweled movement for faithful timekeeping year after year.

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When you think of a watch—think of BULOVA

Consult your jeweler—America's watch expert

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Vol. 54, No. 14 April 5, 1963

LIFE

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'Fresh Young Punk,' 'Donald Duck' and an Old Typewriter

The lead story this week on the New York State Liquor Authority scandal was done by four LIFE reporters and one staff writer whose pictures are shown on this page. They worked for two months penetrating the underworld jungle of payoffs, wiretaps, bagmen and threats. Said one liquor lawyer to Correspondent Thompson: "Sonny, this has been going on a long time and no fresh-faced punk is going to break it up."

WELCH

Thompson made another contact with a lawyer who, in conversation, was open, friendly and willing to throw light on the scandal beginning to be unraveled. Thompson phoned him at his office and to his astonishment received a blast of unfriendly epithets. Shortly after Thompson hung up, the phone rang. "Sorry I was rude," said the lawyer. "I discovered my wire was tapped. Now I'm calling from a phone booth." Another lawyer, equally fearful of wiretaps, only referred to Epstein (former chairman of the S.L.A.) as "Donald Duck."

THOMPSON

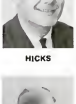
It was difficult tracking down "Donald Duck." He was somewhere in Florida. Other reporters trailed his wife hoping she would lead them to him. They lost her. Then on a tip, they discovered Epstein sunning himself next to a pool at an isolated resort, slipped past the guards surrounding the place and took the photograph when he was asleep (*shown on page 25*).

SILVA

So it went, searching, running down hundreds of leads. With them on some occasions was the squat figure of LIFE Photographer Francis Miller. To record some of the players in the mystery, Miller used a camera harnessed to his chest underneath his shirt. Its lens peeked through an ostentatiously large horseshoe tie clasp and Miller set off the camera by squeezing a trigger in his pocket.

HICKS

Finally came the job of filing the massive report, the evidence set down on paper. This was then taken by Staff Writer O'Neil who turned it into a finished piece. For 20 years O'Neil had always written on one old friendly L.C. Smith typewriter. But at this critical moment, it broke down. Under terrible duress O'Neil had to work on another typewriter—but for only a few hours. The machine shop fixed up old faithful, and the words began to flow.


O'NEIL

George P. Hunt

GEORGE P. HUNT
Managing Editor

Unblock That Merger Track!

That sick giant, the U.S. transport industry, gets steadily sicker, but nobody seems able or willing to help. Last year Congress all but ignored the President's proposals to give railroads and airlines some relief from overregulation. This year the Administration itself is adding to the carriers' frustrations. It is flashing red lights along the track they had chosen as their only escape from bankruptcy: the merger route.

Twenty-four major railroads, even the mighty Pennsylvania, and three major airlines lost money last year. Once-profitable Eastern Air Lines has lost nearly $15 million for two years in a row. Both industries suffer from excess capacity, intractable labor costs and overregulation. Since by law they can't freely set their own prices, their next best move is to cut costs and consolidate facilities. Six major railroad mergers are now awaiting ICC approval, the largest being that of the Pennsylvania and New York Central. Among airlines, one major marriage has been consummated (United-Capital) and the banns published for two splashier ones, American-Eastern and Pan Am-T.W.A.

A year ago chairman Alan Boyd of CAB was an outspoken enthusiast for airline mergers, especially in preference to subsidies. With the success of the United-Capital merger, the political atmosphere seemed just right for what Eastern president Malcolm MacIntyre called "the cotillion." Whereupon in strode the trustbusters, and the party stopped.

First, the Department of Justice intervened with an antimonopoly brief against the American-Eastern merger, and a CAB examiner followed this lead by recommending against it. Last month, after a year's work, a President-appointed committee of four men (from the White House, Commerce, Justice and Labor) came up with a set of "guidelines" on transport mergers which are supposed to be the new Kennedy policy on this hot subject. There is nothing in these "guidelines" to encourage mergers. On the contrary, they consist of a lot of tedious and embarrassing questions for the altar-bound and sound like an invitation to the Department of Justice to stop them all.

Justice scarcely needed such an invitation; it has opposed almost all transport mergers. Last week it even joined a railroad union in court to postpone the only big rail merger the ICC has approved—the C & O's acquisition of the B & O. The DOJ has yet to take a stand on the Pennsy-Central plan, which faces a year or more of ICC hearings and interested objections. But if Justice plans to move in with its "guideline" questions, the prospect for this and other rail mergers is bleak. That would mean further deterioration of the transport industry.

The antimerger prejudice dates back to the days when U.S. railroads were both industrial giants and effective monopolies. Today they are neither, what with trucks, buses, airlines, etc. In addition, like the airlines, they are subject to the endless delays and frustrations of regulation. To the transport patient it scarcely matters whether it is prejudice or red tape that withholds the merger medicine. What makes things worse is that neither the ICC, the CAB nor the presidential "guidelines" gives any picture of an ideal transport pattern that is both competitive and viable, nor any clear definition of "the public interest" they are supposed to protect.

Continued insolvency would lead the carriers to that ultimate monopoly, government ownership. But that would solve nothing, as a recent survey of 25 government-owned foreign railroad systems (by J. N. Sites) makes clear. In Europe only the Dutch and Swiss pay their way; the rest cost the taxpayers $2.5 billion a year. And their problems (rising costs, frozen rates, trucks) remain much the same as ours.

Congress had better give prompt attention to the gathering crisis in transport. As for the White House, the least it can do is encourage, not obstruct, these carriers who are willing to save themselves by merger.

Two New Ways to Curb JD

With a substantial percentage of the U.S. prison population under 21, one can easily get the impression that juvenile delinquency is virtually insoluble. Fortunately that isn't true. Two dramatic new approaches to the problem, both preventive in nature, have just been instituted in Georgia and California. In Georgia the aim is to scare; in California it is to teach.

Georgia's "Operation Teen-ager" puts half a dozen inmates of the state's Industrial Institute for Boys, all between 16 and 20 and all volunteers, before high school audiences to explain how they wound up in prison. None is serving less than four years; one committed 75 burglaries, one got life for murder. Here are some of the things they say:

▸ "I met a couple of fellows and decided that I was a man and they were men and I looked up to them. We bought guns, I stole a car and we went on a long spree. Finally out of money, I went in alone with a .32 pistol in my belt and robbed a cafe."

▸ "We lived like kings, but only at night in dark alleys and beer joints. Everything I started I quit. Maybe that's why I was caught. I've always been a quitter."

▸ "My parents got me out of trouble and asked me to avoid the crowd I ran around with. I took this as a poke in the face."

Teen-age reaction to these stories is a mixture of amazement, shock and tears. Industrial Institute Superintendent Walter Matthews, who conceived the idea, is now getting more invitations for his boys than he can handle; the governor is considering making a movie on what they say for statewide distribution and out-of-state educators are interested in the experiment.

The news from California concerns high school dropouts (LIFE, May 2, 1960). A Los Angeles housewife, Mrs. Lester Stewart (a Depression dropout herself), has organized Dropouts Anonymous, now incorporated with 90 members, some of them with police records. Mrs. Stewart's primary aim is not to get them back into high school but into vocational schools like Pacific States University, where 34 are now working on B.S. degrees in electronics and engineering and getting mostly A's and B's. She operates on practically no money, aided by a handful of friends and her husband, who makes coffee for Friday-night A.A.-type sessions in the Stewart home.

There is no broad agreement among our hardest-thinking sociologists on a master antidote to juvenile crime. But the Georgia and California experiments—along with organizations like Big Brothers of America, Inc., which now has chapters in 28 states and Canada—do suggest that the volunteer-worker approach has undeveloped potential. More power to Superintendent Matthews, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart and others like them.

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HEART'S DESIRE

STAMP-EDE

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100 SECOND PRIZES . . . . 1,000 BOOKS	50,000 SIXTH PRIZES . . . . . 4 BOOKS
1,000 THIRD PRIZES . . . . . 200 BOOKS	150,000 SEVENTH PRIZES . . . 2 BOOKS
10,000 FOURTH PRIZES. . . . . 20 BOOKS	360,000 EIGHTH PRIZES . . . . . 1 BOOK

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591,150

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$2 the pound

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EVERY CAN OF NEW ZIPPO LIGHTER FUEL HAS A CONVENIENT FLIP-TOP SPOUT. EASY OPENING. TIGHT CLOSING. NO CAP TO LOSE.

This big can of new Zippo Fuel gives you an average of 38% more lights for your money than the leading brand

And it's filtered so clean it burns without smoke or odor!

More lights per filling: carefully controlled laboratory tests prove new Zippo Fuel is so good that it actually gives you an average of 24½% more lights* than you get from the leading brand.

More fuel for your money

What's more, the same 29¢ you pay for a 4½-ounce can of that other brand buys you a big *5-ounce* can of Zippo—11% more fuel.

All this adds up to a giant saving for you. Zippo gives you an average of *38% more lights for your money!*

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And you'll find there is no better lighter fuel anywhere.

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New Zippo Lighter Fuel is available both in the 5-ounce can at 29¢, and in the new economy 10-ounce can at 49¢.

Next time you buy a can of lighter fuel, make it new Zippo Fuel—and get *hundreds* of extra lights for your money.

Don't forget new Zippo Flints—6 for 15¢

*3-second lights . . . time enough to comfortable light your cigarette.

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LIFE GUIDE

Scarcely a castle turret or tumble-down temple is missing the tempo

Europe's greatest musical tune-up ever;

U.S. sights; books for the stay-at-homes

If you want music coming out of your ears as well as into them, the place to be this summer is Europe. More than a million Americans will join the massive tourist haul (487 flights per week to Europe, all summer long), and no matter where they go they are likely to be within earshot of a music festival. In more than 50 European towns symphonies will flood through venerable palace courtyards; operas and ballets will bounce across historic stages. The Guide below tells you how to go about obtaining tickets and hits a few of the high notes in the promising score.

Music Festivals

BOOKING TICKETS. Naturally the demand for seats is heavy and a few may be sold out. So the thing to do is write early. Festival information can be obtained through the Mayfair Travel Service, 119 W. 57th St., New York 19; or the European Travel Commission, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20. Or you can make arrangements through your travel agent or write directly to your target European city.

GERMANY. Perhaps the most ambitious program of the summer will be heard in Mannheim. That traditionally theaterminded city will honor two great composers, both born in 1813, with its *Wagner-Verdi Festival*, April 18 through July 2. Nine operas by each man—18 in all—will include: Wagner's *Flying Dutchman* and complete *Ring* cycle, Verdi's beloved *Traviata* and *Otello*, done by ranking European opera companies.

In Hesse the *Weinbaden Festspiele*, May 2–31, offers plays by Shakespeare and Ionesco, ballets by Tchaikovsky and Stravinsky, and operas—all performed by Polish, Czech, German, Belgian, Swiss and French companies.

At the *Bayreuth Festival*, Europe's oldest (started in 1876), the tone has always been *heldentenor* and this year —July 24–Aug. 27—is as Wagnerian as the composer's two grandsons, Wieland and Wolfgang, can make it. Bayreuth hotels fill early but the nearby medieval city of Nürnberg has room.

SCANDINAVIA. In Copenhagen *The Royal Danish Ballet and Music Festival* leads off, May 15–31, in the Royal Theater with its two adjacent stages. At the nearby Frederiksborg and Kronborg Castles, audiences will hear chamber, organ and church music.

In Norway the *Bergen Festival*, May 24 June 9, will pay tribute to native son Edvard Grieg, born there in 1843; the flag-decked town will turn out to hear Sir John Barbirolli and the Hallé Orchestra of Manchester.

For the *Stockholm International Festival*, May 28–June 19, movieman Ingmar Bergman will stage a live *Rake's Progress*, and Swedish opera stars Nicolai Gedda and Birgit Nilsson will sing. Only 40 minutes away by steamer is Drottningholm palace where costumes and sets are 18th Century and the orchestra wears wigs.

The *Sibelius Music Festival* salutes Finland's great composer, June 5–13, at Helsinki University where Sibelius' works were often premiered.

GREAT BRITAIN. For almost 30 years the *Glyndebourne Festival* has delighted opera lovers in the charming little opera house in Sussex, 54 miles from London. This year the season runs from May 2 to Aug. 18, with performances almost daily. There's a restaurant—but the stylish prefer to picnic.

Violinist Yehudi Menuhin and his sisters Hepzibah and Yaltah (pianists) will perform in the *Bath Festival*, June 6–16. Concerts, recitals, ballets and drama will echo through the old Roman town in the west of England.

The *Edinburgh Festival*—this year Aug. 18–Sept. 7—will vibrate to four great orchestras—the Covent Garden, the London and **BBC** Symphonies, and the Scottish National Orchestra. Three seldom-performed operas, Sir Laurence Olivier's theater group and the Uday Shankar dancers of India, will vie with the nocturnal tattoo parade in which kilted pipers troop before Edinburgh's towering castle

FRANCE. Music, dance, drama, art will flower along with the grapevines during the *Bordeaux Festival*, May 17–June 2. The seaport town will hear a Hindemith opera (*Mathis der Maler*), concerts by the Paris Conservatory Orchestra and a play by the Comédie Française. At the *Strasbourg Festival*, June 7–16, listeners will hear the Munich and Rotterdam Philharmonics, the Philadelphia Chamber Orchestra, Rudolph Serkin's piano and Andrés Segovia's guitar, all in the magnificent 11th Century cathedral. Summer in France's fruit-growing southeast brings the *Aix-en-Provence Festival*, July 9–31. Mozart operas, works by Richard Strauss and Hector Berlioz.

AUSTRIA. Distinguished conductors will add luster to the *Vienna Festival*, May 18–June 16. In the great Vienna State Opera house, one of Europe's finest (totally refurbished in 1955), and in some alfresco settings audiences will hear Szell, Ormandy, Monteux, Münch and Böhm lead the Vienna Philharmonic, Vienna Symphony as well as orchestras from London, Bucharest and Berlin. Also, romantic Viennese operettas ripe with wine, women and song.

The beery and beautiful Tyrolean town where Mozart was born celebrates his memory with its famous *Salzburg Festival*, July 26–Aug. 31. An ancient morality play, *Everyman*, is presented Sundays.

At the *Bregenz Festival* ballets are danced on a floating stage on Lake Constance. Highlight of assorted musical hors d'oeuvres July 18–Aug. 19 will be the world premiere, somewhat belated, of an opera Haydn wrote in 1773, *The Burning House*.

AND ELSEWHERE: At Spoleto, Italy the *Festival of Two Worlds* brings young talents and newer musical productions—plus sculpture and paintings—into view, June 20–July 14. In Yugoslavia's fortresslike city of Dubrovnik, the *Summer Festival* will hear New York's Pro Musica Antiqua, Moscow's Beethoven Quartet, London's Amadeus Quartet and the Zagreb Philharmonic in outdoor performances, July 10–Aug. 24. In Switzerland the *Zurich June Festival* (May 29–July 3) will offer Wagner's operas, plus plays by theater groups from four countries. The *Lucerne Festival* is mainly symphonic, but chamber music and recitals (by Fischer-Dieskau, Milstein, Richter, Rubinstein and others) are also billed, Aug. 15–Sept. 14. In Greece the *Athens Festival*, held in August and September at the foot of the Acropolis, will serve up symphony, opera and ballet companies from Vienna, Munich, Glyndebourne and New York. Their own Greek National Theater will produce dramas by Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes.

Among a flock of inviting Middle East spectacles the *Baalbek Festival*, July 20–Aug. 24, lures tourists to Lebanon with an appealing potpourri: French actors in classical drama, Lebanese folk tales and dancing and, for a setting, ghostly, romantic ruins.

Books

AN END TO BUGLING. Edmund G. Love, who wrote *Subways Here for Sleeping*, has a fast, irreverent word to say about the Civil War centennial. It's a hilarious one. Half the middle of all those buffs who are planning to refight Gettysburg in 1963, along comes General Jeb Stuart and 5,000 Reb cavalrymen (or their ghosts) to infiltrate, complicate and generally louse up the flubbergasted United States Army. (Harper)

THE DAY THEY SHOOK THE PLUM TREE. Arthur H. Lewis does not try to embellish the story of Hetty Green and it comes out just the way it actually was —fascinating. The unbelievably penny-pinching widow pauperized herself and her children (she carried graham crackers and cold oatmeal around in a handbag to avoid paying restaurant bills), but wound up in 1916 not only the richest woman in the graveyard but in all America. (Harcourt)

Sports

OLYMPIC SKI TRIALS. Spring has sprung in many places but not at Mount Alyeska Ski Area near *Anchorage, Alaska*. While the snow lasts some fourscore topmost U.S., French and Canadian skiers are settling titles and qualifying for the 1964 Olympic teams, April 5–7.

BUMPER BONSPIEL. Before they rack their brooms for the summer, curlers are uncoiling a final fling on the ice in *Hibbing, Minn.* where the Last Chance International Curling Bonspiel is skittering along April 4–7. Five hundred stone-sliders from more than 100 rinks make up just about the biggest bouquet of tams seen all season.

U.S. Whoop-De-Doo

SAN FRANCISCO. Thousands of booted and Stetsoned youngsters take over the Cow Palace again, April 6–10, for the Junior Grand National Livestock Exposition. Best-dressed farm pet wins its owner a trip to Disneyland.

WILMINGTON, N.C. Television celebrities will blossom at the North Carolina Azalea Festival, April 4–7, but the true stars are the azaleas and camellias of the Orton and Airlee gardens.

MAPLE SWEETS. Sap's rising fast in New England and sugar houses are boiling in the Pioneer Valley of Massachusetts. Visitors can take in the tree-tapping and sugaring-off process at any of a couple of dozen sugar camps near *Ashfield, Conway* and *Sunderland, Mass.* At several of these they can also take in hot cakes and syrup or snow sundaes. For a complete list, write to the Pioneer Valley Ass'n., 38 Gothic Street, Northampton, Mass.

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SPECIAL REPORT

Le Grand Snow Job

by DAVID SNELL

I suppose the moral is that when you live on the same block with an opinionated guy like Charlie Wormwood you have to grit your teeth and make allowances. As my friend Howard MacAllister-Duff has put it so aptly, "Big Charlie has so much gall that all Caesar couldn't divide him."

What originally prompted that remark was the gold paint Big Charlie used to decorate that troublesome old French Provincial house of his on the corner. Did it about a year or so after he bought the house through some sort of legal hanky-panky involving a fifth mortgage.

"Clearly you have no appreciation of grandeur," Big Charlie said when I asked how come the gold paint. "It just so happens that lavish redecorating is part of my grand plan for this old house—or, as the French say, my *plan grand*."

"*Plan grand* indeed!" said MacAllister-Duff when I repeated the conversation. "The blighter thinks he's a ruddy throwback to Napoleon."

Even if he is—and the point is well taken—Big Charlie is still the very antithesis of my sneaky neighbor Fred Morgew. More than once during my troubles with Big Charlie I have reminded myself of this fact. Maybe you remember my telling you about Morgew. Off and on, it has been Morgew's avowed purpose to let his vile crab grass infiltrate and take over every lawn in our area. ("My crab grass and I," he once said, "we will bury you!") I mention Morgew here because it was to recruit a new ally in my fight against him that I first called on Big Charlie.

"Come in," Big Charlie said gravely when he answered the doorbell. From his hi-fi came the strains of martial music.

"A pity you did not let me know you were coming," he said, ushering me to a satin-covered sofa under a crystal chandelier. "I would have dressed for the occasion."

"Not to stand on ceremony—" I began.

"I always stand on ceremony," Big Charlie said stiffly. "But as long as you're here, tell me to what I am indebted for the honor of this visit."

I started off by explaining it was my policy to be a helpful neighbor and that I would like him to feel free to borrow my garden tools, just as previous owners of his house always had. Then I worked around to the subject of NOTA.

"And what, pray tell, is NOTA?" said Big Charlie.

"Well, that's short for our Neighborhood Outdoor Tidiness Association," I said. "There's this fellow Morgew lives up the street. He's some kind of a nut on the subject of crab grass. So the rest of us, more or less at my instigation, founded NOTA to fight the spread of crab grass. According to the charter, your lawn is one of the ones we're sworn to defend. Since this entitles you to full membership, we sort of hoped you'd play ball like the previous owner."

"I see," said Big Charlie. "And who is the head of this organization?"

"Well," I said, "the fellows all agreed I should serve as its permanent chairman, seeing as how I've been the moving force—oops!"

My cigar ash had dropped onto the sofa. I flicked at it with my handkerchief, but it smudged into the satin.

"Do not bother," said Big Charlie frostily. "It is only an heirloom, something we've had in the family for six or seven generations."

"Now about NOTA—" I said, ignoring his sneer.

"With some reservations which will become apparent to you later," said Big Charlie, "I suppose you can put me down for membership. Now may I offer you some of this rare old cognac?"

As I tossed it down and reached for my cigar and my hat, I had the uneasy feeling that this strange man would make trouble. But I said, "Welcome aboard!" and clapped him on the back—after all, diplomacy is one of my strong points. Thereafter, true to my word, I did my best to be a good neighbor. Not only did I encourage Big Charlie to borrow my personal garden tools, but I was also generous—to a fault, my wife kept telling me—with my time and advice.

"That's no way to plant daffodil bulbs," I would say, in the spirit of helpfulness. "Here, let me show you." But in spite of all I could do, Big Charlie became more and more aloof. Then one morning I bumped into MacAllister-Duff at the bus stop.

"Oh hullo, hullo!" he chortled. "Heard the news? Big Charlie is organizing the chaps into a separate organization, the Community Gardening Partners—Gardpard, they call it. Do away with a lot of these unsightly fences, foster neighborhood grandeur and all that sort of rot."

"That's funny," I said. "Only yesterday I was giving him a couple of pointers on his begonias, but he didn't mention it to me."

"Not funny at all," said Mac. "Fact is, I shouldn't be surprised if the whole thing weren't aimed at you. Big Charlie says it's high time the bunch got together to stand between you and your pal, Fred Morgew."

"How do you stand?" I said. "Are you joining this—this—?"

"Gardpard," said Mac. "No, my relatives and I—we go back and forth and help each other out with the gardening, swap rose cuttings and the like. Wouldn't want to offend the clan by dropping out just to team up with Big Charlie. Sort of thing just isn't done."

"You know," I said, "on second thought, maybe it would be a good idea if you did join. Then you could use your influence to get me in."

"But my relatives—?"

"Oh, I think you can square it with them," I said.

"Well, okay, if you say so," said Mac.

"I do say so," I said.

Not long after that Mac and I had a slight tiff, one of those little differences that can arise between even the best of friends. I will admit it was at my suggestion that Mac bought one of those power lawn mowers that take a snow-thrower attachment in the winter. I will also admit it had been clearly understood that I would buy the snow-thrower attachment so we could use the combination jointly. But luckily I found out in time that the snow-throwing accessory wouldn't work very well on the power mower. I decided not to buy it. Instead I made plans to buy one of those big, separate snow-thrower jobs and suggested to Mac that he kick in on the cost.

"But dash it all," said Mac. "This leaves me stuck with this blasted new lawn mower. You distinctly said—"

"Shh! The neighbors will hear you," I said. "I'm sorry, but it looks like you've got no choice, unless of course you want to go to all the expense of buying a good snow-thrower of your own."

Mac went home to take it up with his wife who, I later learned, gave him the devil for letting me push him around—although that certainly was not my intention. But they finally saw the logic of my position.

My next step was to invite Big Charlie to buy a piece of the snow-thrower.

"Am I to assume," said Big Charlie, "that you would retain control of the machine?"

"Why, sure," I said. "You can't just leave a valuable thing like that sitting out in the open. But all you'll need do is ask my wife or me for the key to the garage, and—"

Big Charlie gave me a withering look. "I intend," he said, "to buy my own snow-thrower. And one more thing, while I'm at it. I have noticed the way MacAllister-Duff jumps when you say frog, and I have decided to reject his application to join Gardpard."

"But why?" I said.

"Let's just say that the ditch surrounding his property and his complicated family ties set him apart from the rest of us. Besides, I have a suspicion you are behind this and the whole thing is a plot to change our bylaws."

"But aren't you forgetting Morgew?" I protested.

"Ah, yes, Morgew," said Big Charlie. "Poor man's been having trouble with a fungus growth in his lawn—Chinese rot, he calls it. You know, it wouldn't surprise me if someday he comes around with his hat in his hand. Speaking of fungus, in all this wet weather we've been having I had a rather serious outcropping of mold on the walls of my own house."

"That so?" I said, still shaken by his rejection of MacAllister-Duff. "What did you do for it?"

"Why," said Big Charlie, "I covered it over with gold paint, of course. Looks grand!"

Dropping cigar ashes on Big Charlie's heirloom sofa did not make the best of impressions on my strange aloof neighbor.

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BECOMING A NUN

Sirs:

Though you may run the growth of countless forests through your presses before your era is done, it's not likely you'll capture the essence of the human spirit again as poignantly and as perfectly as you have in the story, "A Girl Sets Out To Be a Nun" (March 15).

JEROME KARRER

St. Clair Shores, Mich.

Sirs:

As a non-Christian, I have always had a deep respect and a sincere interest in members of the cloth, but it has been difficult for people of my faith to comprehend the forces of Catholicism, particularly the life of a nun. As a result of your article I now have a better understanding of those forces.

ARNOLD N. BAKER

Roanoke, Va.

Sirs:

I am sure I represent a host of very bored readers in asserting that we are vastly uninterested in the theological adventures of a teen-age girl in one of the Christian persuasions.

E. W. BAKER

Houston, Texas

Sirs:

I thoroughly enjoyed the article on Cathy Clark.

The psychiatrists be damned—it was a delightful, refreshing respite from the day's usual journalist c fare.

WILLIAM W. HOFFMAN, M.D.

Dallas, Texas

Sirs:

I have found, among Catholics and non-Catholics alike, that our religious women are an awesome mystery. Intelligent girls subject themselves for life to very human superiors not of their choice. As if this were not enough, nuns are further burdened by obsolete rules and habits, dubious theological training, unsympathetic bishops, pastors unqualified as educators and, of course, criticism.

I thank God for these indispensable ladies. But I also pray that their orders be modernized, that they receive the best chaplains to form them in faith, hope and charity (rather than symbolism, externals, emotional devotions and illogicalities); for parish priests who will let them be judges of their own schools, for better public relations and for more vocations.

JOSEPH MCMILLAN

Philadelphia, Pa.

Sirs:

Your article on becoming a nun was handled very well. I, as a Catholic sister, would like to add a few remarks. It is quite evident that the young woman of today is willing to make the necessary sacrifices entailed in order to work for God, but she is a woman of her time and not of the Middle Ages. Many of the things Cathy encountered are peculiar to the Old World religious orders.

I would like to say to all the Cathys that there is great work to do for God in our world. If you seek this in a religious community, search for one which has complied with the wishes of the late Pope Pius XII who asked all communities to rethink and to adapt to the Church's needs in the 20th Century.

SISTER ANNETTE

Chicago, Ill.

Sirs:

The making of a nun was negative, uninspiring and almost morbid, made to sound like the assembly-line production of a thing rather than the full flowering of a personality attracted to a life of dedication by the beauty of God. Such statements as "ceaseless self-scrutiny," "a nun has to learn to love in a different way" savor of unhealthy introspection. On the contrary, religious life is based on the spiritual principle "grace perfects nature." It does not destroy human warmth or love, but elevates them. It must be a life of giving and outgoing to others or it has no meaning.

SISTER M. LORITA

El Campo, Texas

Sirs:

Having had the same experience as Cathy Clark (in a different order), I know the feelings, fears and conclusions she reached. Your article was clear and realistic. The pictures accentuated the poignancy of a real-life situation.

SUSAN NELIS

Hinsdale, Ill.

MISCELLANY

Sirs:

In regard to your Miscellany picture of March 15, it appears that the potato resting on the head of Dawn Scott has been pre-cut prior to the jump by Desmond and in effect he is actually knocking the two halves apart. Is this actually the case or am I being a skeptic? In any event, the maneuver is very impressive.

JOHN C. BOSE

Santa Monica, Calif.

Sirs:

Scott is not cutting the potato in half—he's quartering it.

OBIE S. MUETING

Huntsville, Ala.

▶ Quartering is correct. Desmond Scott routinely partly pre-cuts the potato so that the final cut with his skate, at right angles to the first, divides the potato in four.—ED.

CASTRO'S CUBA

Sirs:

Having read your report on Castro's Cuba (March 15), I cannot help feeling outraged at such an incredible degree of ignorance toward the situation.

The article seems to be written by a Communist agent. Somebody should explain to Henri Cartier-Bresson that Castro is a cold-blooded murderer who has put his country in the hands of the Soviet Union. And to show his brother Raul with his wife and family is to give an impression of a man dedicated to his family when he is one of the most ruthless mass murderers history has ever known.

ALFONSO VENTOSO

New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Henri Cartier-Bresson's camera and comments have breathed a long-overdue objective and analytic life into mass-circulation journalism. Specifically, his article states two important phenomena that are generally not noted. First, a significant number of Cubans are happier and prouder in the new Cuba. Thus it is important for us to recognize that the danger of Communism is not just in its pernicious nature, but in its attractiveness. Second, Cubans do not feel that they are oppressed by Soviet Communism, because Communism in Cuba is distinct from the Khrushchevian brand. It has incorporated much of Cuba's Afro-Latin heritage. Thus if we must look at Communism as a hard-line policy, let us also see it as a dangerously flexible and adaptable one.

ARNOLD PAYNE

North Bergen, N.J.

Sirs:

Personally, I think that "Man's First Atomic Cave" (March 15) would have made a more beautiful cover than that man with the Shredded-Wheat whiskers. At least the cave stands for a peaceful purpose.

MRS. G. THOMAS HOMAN

Columbia, Mo.

BEHAVIOR CONTROL

Sirs:

I am writing to express my extreme pleasure at your second article on "Control of the Brain" (March 15). This is one of the best jobs I have ever seen of science reporting since the days of Gray and Blakeslee Sr. The field of psychopharmacology is a particularly rough subject to popularize and Mr. Coughlan's skillful treatment of it is really an outstanding job.

How many writers could, for example, treat the mescaline-LSD topic in such a way as to factually depict the effects and at the same time leave the reader with a strong disinclination to take the drugs personally?

WILLIAM G. CLARK, PH.D.
Director
Psychopharmacology Research Laboratories
Sepulveda, Calif.

Sirs:

The extraordinary clarity of Robert Coughlan's writing without the sacrifice of scientific accuracy is an ability which I both deeply admire and envy. Although there are details of stress and interpretation with which I might disagree, Mr. Coughlan is to be congratulated for having stressed a number of the lesser known aspects of the field which well deserve public attention.

NATHAN S. KLINE, M.D.
Director of Research
Rockland State Hospital
Orangeburg, N.Y.

MODERN LIVING

Sirs:

I always politely passed over any crewel work that came to my attention, but the "cowel" by Mirhi Hovsepian (March 15) is an utter sensation and delight.

JOAN O. MONROE

Columbus, Ohio

SPECIAL REPORT

Sirs:

Thank you for the story, "Cherni Maimuni" (March 15), on the African students in Bulgaria. Surely the cause of world peace will advance as the Communists get to be more and more like us. First we discovered that they like music, dancing and song. Then the good news arrived that they are demanding more consumer goods and other capitalistic pleasures for themselves. Now we find they have exciting race riots and vigorous efforts to "prevent mixing of the races." It is enough to make one think along more optimistic lines.

If such things continue, the time will come when even somebody from Mississippi can travel behind the Iron Curtain and feel right at home!

DONALD J. LEIFFER

Los Angeles, Calif.

IN NEXT WEEK'S LIFE COMING SOON

For Easter, in Color
THE REDISCOVERY OF LONG-HIDDEN ART TREASURES IN YUGOSLAV CHURCHES

SKYDIVERS RISK THEIR NECKS FOR A TV CHUTE-EM-UP

PHANTOM TAXPAYERS WORK A PROFITABLE REFUND RACKET

"You Can't Fool an Old Bag Like Me," Hedda Hopper Says

MARY HEMINGWAY TAKES A SENTIMENTAL SAFARI
The novelist's widow goes back to shoot big game at her husband's favorite hunting grounds

LIFE
Vol. 54, No. 14 April 5, 1963

Graft in liquor license scandal plagues Nelson Rockefeller

CORRUPTION UNCORKED IN NEW YORK

To cover the story of S.L.A., LIFE *assigned four reporters—Welch, Thompson, Silva and Hicks, who spent nearly two months on the job—and Staff Writer O'Neil, who put their findings into the final form.*

by PAUL WELCH, THOMAS THOMPSON, MICHEL SILVA, JIM HICKS, PAUL O'NEIL

A state official threw himself under a subway train and died a terrible death.

A creature of patronage refused to waive immunity before a grand jury investigating charges of bribery and was summarily fired.

The right-hand man of Nelson Rockefeller, governor and presidential aspirant, refused to waive immunity in the same bribery investigation. He hastily resigned his state jobs (and party chairmanship), thus sparing the embarrassed governor the necessity of firing him.

Said a Harlem bar owner: "It's cost us more than $50,000 in payoffs to the State Liquor Authority and the cops over the past five years. They're like a partner to us."

Said another victim: "An honest restaurant owner simply cannot operate without cheating or paying some kind of graft."

These shocking facts are the outgrowth of a many-handed system of political corruption—built on the shakedown, the bribe, the payoff. In the past few months this corruption has been hauled into the light of public scrutiny in New York, that splendid and sinful city. The revelations will inevitably cast a shadow over the presidential aspirations of Governor Rockefeller and thus affect the politics of the entire nation.

There are 9,513 bars and retail liquor stores in New York City, and they gross millions every day. But their right to do so hinges absolutely on the bipartisan five-man board

ARTICLE CONTINUED ON PAGE 24

THE SHAKEDOWN CREATURE

This drawing illustrates the shocking operation of the New York State Liquor Authority which supervises the state's multimillion-dollar retail liquor business. The S.L.A. has fattened itself into a multi-armed monster, thriving on graft rooted in human greed and in the liquor laws of the state. It preys on bar and restaurant owners and liquor dealers by shaking them down for money in exchange for winking at violations of liquor laws which, in many cases, are ridiculously archaic. Thus a bar owner is threatened with losing his license—hence his business—if he is not ready with the fast payoff, not only to dishonest liquor authority inspectors but also to dishonest cops and dishonest building and fire inspectors who find him a prize pigeon. Beyond that there is the possibility he may have to pay a lawyer with political connections who can get him out of his fix for a fat fee.

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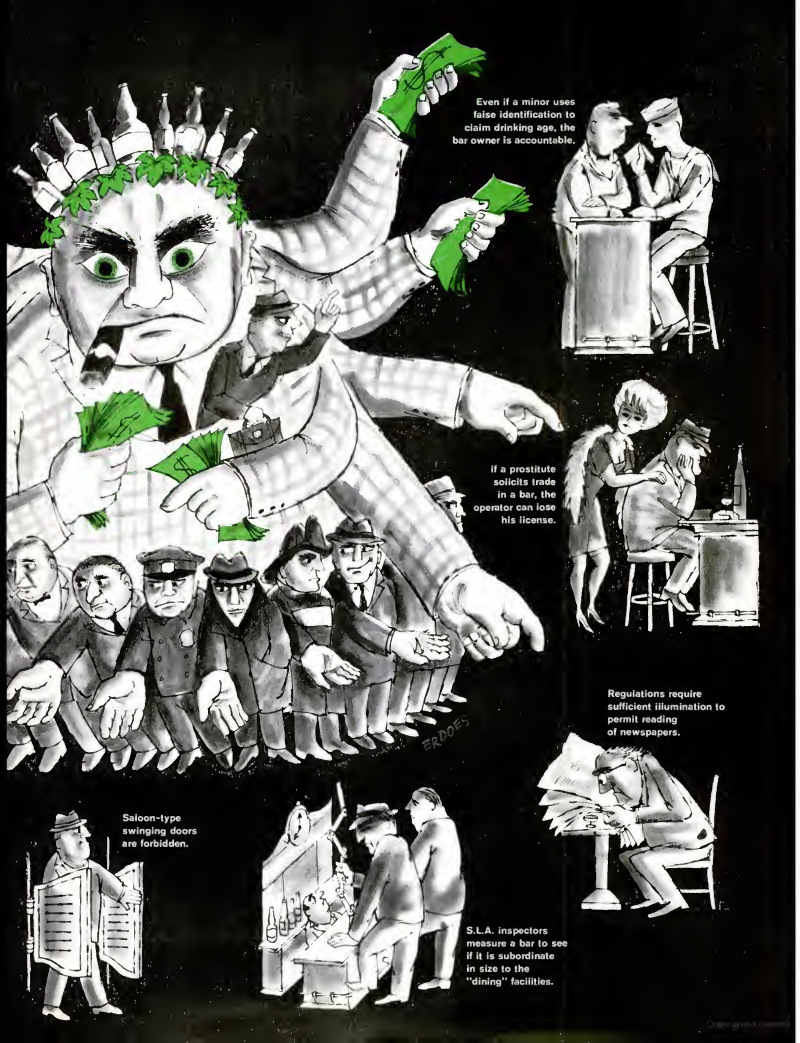

Even if a minor uses false identification to claim drinking age, the bar owner is accountable.

If a prostitute solicits trade in a bar, the operator can lose his license.

Regulations require sufficient illumination to permit reading of newspapers.

Saloon-type swinging doors are forbidden.

S.L.A. inspectors measure a bar to see if it is subordinate in size to the "dining" facilities.

BLOW TO ROCKY. Governor Nelson Rockefeller was hit hard when Judson Morhouse (*left*), his closest, most trusted adviser, was involved in the scandal.

SCANDAL CONTINUED

which governs the State Liquor Authority. Under the S.L.A. a very simple racket exists, and it works like this: to get a license, a restaurant or bar or liquor store often has to pay extra money under the table. To stay in business the restaurant or bar or liquor store often has to pay still more money under the table—or be closed by the S.L.A. for violating any of a number of intricate laws and bylaws, some of which are shown in the drawing on the preceding pages.

For the past year Manhattan's District Attorney Frank Hogan, a Democrat, has been conducting an undercover investigation of the S.L.A., and in recent months he has been parading his witnesses before a special grand jury. For the last two months a LIFE reporting team has been digging into the operations of the S.L.A. This article, the result of their work, dissects the anatomy of the liquor scandal. It reveals:

- The story behind the subway suicide of S.L.A. Inspector Ernest Moss.
- The source of $18,000 in fees paid to Republican State Chairman Judson Morhouse shortly before he refused to waive immunity and withdrew from public life.
- How Rockefeller gave a political hack named Martin Epstein the $25,000-a-year chairmanship of the S.L.A.
- The careful protocol that shakedown victims were instructed to observe whenever they handed over bribes inside the S.L.A. headquarters building.
- The scale of graft payment that the S.L.A. enforced among applicants for liquor licenses.
- The importance of knowing an "In" lawyer—and what the term means.
- The wonder worked by a Rochester liquor store dealer after he sought aid and guidance from Republican Senate Majority Leader Walter Mahoney's law firm.
- How Attorney General Louis Lefkowitz' law associate became the hottest liquor lawyer in town.
- Why the Gaslight Club hired a Republican lawyer with a "certain skill," and how the Playboy Club got its license at the eleventh hour.
- What bar operators have to say about shakedowns by cops and the S.L.A.

There has always been graft in New York, as in every other big city, and doubtless there always will be. There has always been graft in the S.L.A., and in scattered instances in the past it has been big graft. A good deal of it involved a sort of secondary and illegal licensing.

By New York law, for instance, drinks can be served only on premises where meals are served, but many a little bar and many a little nightclub would go broke if it prepared food its customers had no intention of ordering. Thousands of such establishments have stayed in business only by 1) letting their stoves run all day (thus equipping themselves with big monthly gas bills as evidence of activity in their kitchens), 2) keeping phony books listing a percentage of liquor profits as food profit and 3) paying off the S.L.A. inspector if caught in the act. (Admits one bar owner: "I keep two sets of books, one for me, one for the S.L.A. So does everybody else. You want a meal in my bar? I'll give you one. I got two cans of tomato soup and a jar of ravioli. That ought to satisfy anybody.")

To be sure, bribery has concerned less benign practices—serving short drinks, employing B-girls or encouraging the presence of homosexuals or prostitutes. In general, however, those who paid off felt they were getting something for their money. Since the S.L.A. board is bipartisan, both the Republicans and the Democrats in New York tended to avoid embarrassing each other about run-of-the-mill monkey business. "Hell," said one Democratic official, "it's bipartisan thievery."

This attitude of friendly cooperation could hardly have been demonstrated more dramatically than it was in the state senate at the time Martin Epstein was confirmed as a member of the liquor board and later, unanimously, as its chairman. Epstein was not exactly the sort of figure usually chosen for so important a position of trust. He was, in fact, a nonentity who had existed by dint of minor political appointments, and his name came before the senate only because he was the bosom pal of Johnny Crews, the Republican boss of Brooklyn. Crews, after Rockefeller's victory in 1958, had asked as his reward that the governor make "my boy Marty" S.L.A. chairman. Rockefeller acceded.

The senate, whatever its private feelings, seemed positively ecstatic. It may surprise no one that the encomiums from the Republican members were unstinting, but the endorsements from the other side of the aisle were just as solid.

Democratic Senator Harry Gittleson had this to say: "I have come to the conclusion, shared by everybody who knows him, that Epstein is not only an erudite lawyer, he is a gentleman, and above all is possessed of sincerity of purpose and conviction."

Democratic Senator Samuel L. Greenberg echoed him: "A real gentleman, a fine sound lawyer."

Democratic Senator Joseph Zaretzki: "There is one Republican gentleman who serves on a commission in this state and it is really with pleasure that I second the nomination of a wonderful man."

Once in office, however, Epstein instituted a philosophy of operation which made the attitudes of previous S.L.A. grafters seem positively benevolent. "It used to be," said one embittered entrepreneur, "that you paid to operate illegally. Now you have to pay for what's your just due. You got to pay for the privilege of operating clean."

Under Epstein—even though the S.L.A. maintains regional offices in Albany and Buffalo—all power centered in the main office in Manhattan. Since the liquor board consisted of three Republicans and two Democrats and since Epstein was in command of a majority, it tended to center, furthermore, in his hands alone. All his

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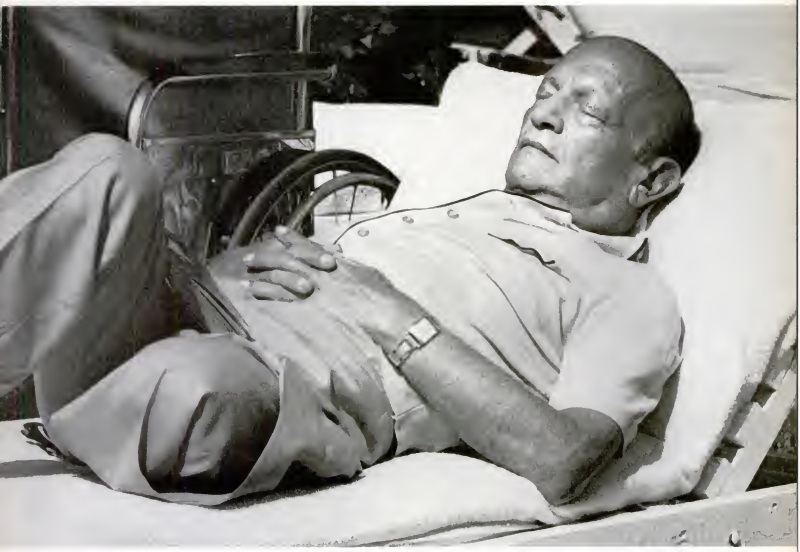
THIS MASK

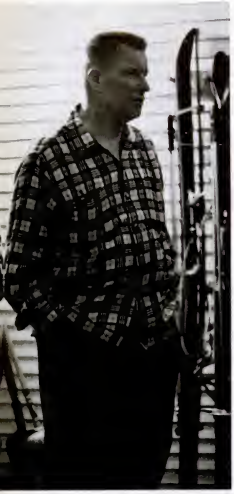
OF A MAN AND A SUICIDE SET OFF THE MESS



THE EPSTEINS, ILL AND ELUSIVE—AND A SUICIDE'S GRAVE

The scandal broke first around an old man now lying discredited in the Florida sun, and one of his young employes, now lying in an unmarked grave. Martin Epstein (*above*) was made head of the Liquor Authority by Governor Rockefeller. Under Epstein's regime the agency slid into corruption. Called before a grand jury, Epstein refused to appear, pleading illness—and the loss of a leg. When forced to appear, he refused to waive immunity and was fired. Now the district attorney has been trying, unsuccessfully, to get Epstein's wife (*at right*) to explain large sums of money she spent and invested. Ernest Moss, an S.L.A. investigator, was indicted for taking bribes and threw himself beneath a subway train. He now lies in Wellwood Cemetery (*at left*).

A KEY CLUB RUINS ROCKY'S NO. 1 MAN . . .



JUD MORHOUSE IN SELF-EXILE, BUNNY ON JOB

A club whose big attraction is dazzling young women dressed up as bunnies brought the downfall of one of New York's most powerful Republicans. Lyman Judson Morhouse, Governor Nelson Rockefeller's right-hand man, was Republican state chairman when he was hired by the Playboy enterprises, which had run into trouble in getting a liquor license for their club from the S.L.A. Doubling as both legal and public relations counselor, he helped get the license for the club—and an $18,000 fee for himself. When the grand jury called Morhouse to answer questions about the fee, his response sent a gasp of disbelief through the state. He refused to waive immunity, roughly equivalent to taking the Fifth Amendment. He quit his party posts as state chairman and national committeeman, resigned his $17,000-a-year state Thruway job and went into seclusion upstate—where he is seen above on a ski-cluttered front porch. The Playboy Club, meantime, is open and thriving, and bunny Bette West, 19 *(right)*—who played no part in any of this—is on the job greeting members at the front door.

fellow board members have now testified before the grand jury, a fact which suggests that any sins they may have committed were sins of omission. But none of them spoke up publicly against Epstein during his reign, and if any of them ever rebelled privately, no slightest hint of such a revolt has yet come to light. At any rate, the state liquor business—$785 million at wholesale, $1.3 billion at retail—was milked.

The state law under which a restaurant is permitted to serve drinks in New York costs $1,200 a year—legitimately. But under Epstein a much larger under-the-table offering often was necessary before any new license was issued: roughly $10,000 to open either a restaurant or liquor store in mid-Manhattan, $10,000 and up on the East Side, $7,500 in Greenwich Village, $3,500 on the upper West Side, $2,500 on the lower East Side or in Brooklyn and $12,000 and up in Harlem. If any store or restaurant owner was forced to move—and this happens frequently in New York as old buildings are razed and new ones constructed—he had to seek a transfer for his new location and pay the bribe all over again. He was sometimes disappointed: with proper connections, competing owners were privileged to pay bribes which guaranteed the exclusion of interlopers in their immediate neighborhoods.

The very atmosphere generated by this wholesale grafting made anyone selling liquor vulnerable to further plucking, not only by S.L.A. inspectors but by occasional dishonest cops. Many an operator, for instance, has complained of cops who planted a prostitute in a bar—and then "accidentally" found her there—as reprisal against an owner who refused to pay off. Whenever haled into court for such difficulty, the liquor dealer is instantly in double jeopardy, for no matter what the outcome of a trial held in a court of law, he is subject afterward to suspension or even loss of his license at the whim of the S.L.A. He need not be informed as to why he is being put out of business; in many cases the S.L.A. has simply noted that its decision was reached "in the public interest."

Doing business with the S.L.A. has always been a nightmare, if only because it has only 356 employes all across the state. Applications for licenses can disappear into the short-handed bureaucratic machinery for weeks and most hearings are obtained only after frustrating lapses of time. These difficulties increased under Epstein. So did the cost of climbing upward through minor functionaries to a man—not infrequently "Big E" himself—who was empowered to say yes or no.

The only effective way up the peaks and glacier of bureaucracy lay in hiring a lawyer as a guide. The official S.L.A. handbook insists that no citizen need go to the expense of hiring legal counsel in applying for a license. Only the naive believe that. A good many honest and reasonable attorneys practice before the S.L.A. However, there are "In" lawyers and "Out" lawyers, and under Epstein anyone with a "special" problem did well to hire an "In" lawyer—one of a clique, centered largely in Manhattan, which demonstrated miraculous talent when appearing before the board. "In" lawyers often charged staggering fees, but they also had a way of clearing up clouded transfers of location, or of convincing the board that there was really nothing much wrong with B-girl bars, clip joints, homosexual hangouts and operators who served booze in glasses with extraordinarily thick bottoms.

The list of lawyers with a history of successful operation before the S.L.A. includes some fascinating names.

Governor Rockefeller's sex-adviser, Judson Morhouse, very probably belongs on the list—as will be seen later—although there is no evidence that he ever actually appeared before the board.

Bernard Newman, former New York County Republican Chairman and onetime State Supreme Court judge, belongs on the list.

So, very probably, does Republican State Senator and Majority Leader Walter Mahoney, who is widely credited with being the second most powerful Republican politician in the state. Like Morhouse, Mahoney has not appeared personally before the S.L.A. in recent years. But his Buffalo law firm, Phillips, Mahoney, Lytle, Yorkey and Letchworth, recently brought off a really astonishing coup on behalf of a Rochester liquor store dealer named Barney G. Medwin.

It has been S.L.A. policy since 1955 to bar liquor stores from the big suburban shopping plazas which have been springing up around the state. When Medwin petitioned his local S.L.A. agency for the right to move his store into such a plaza in Rochester, he was turned down. But Medwin went to Buffalo, enlisted the services of Mahoney's firm and—presto chango!—thanks to a decision by the S.L.A. in Manhattan, he was licensed to move into the plaza after all. Local liquor dealers, many of whom through the years have tried but failed to get similar locations, are currently in a splendid uproar

CONTINUED

. . . BIG SHOT PULLS STRINGS FOR GASLIGHT

JUDGE NEWMAN AND HIS CLIENT'S PRETTY EMPLOYEE

One of the most precious and hard-to-get prizes available at the S.L.A. is a liquor license for private clubs that admit only members—and often provide stunning waitresses to serve drinks. Manhattan's Gaslight Club got a license in 1956, then lost it in 1959 when the S.L.A. ruled that it was not a legitimate private club. Wise to the ways of the S.L.A., the club engaged an attorney who, it said, had a "certain skill"—Bernard Newman (*Gr right*). At that time he was Republican Party chairman in Manhattan. (Later he was appointed to be a New York Supreme Court judge.) "I suspect we hired Newman," explains Burton Browne, founder of the Gaslight clubs, "because of his political influence as well as his specialized legal talent. . . . People probably owed him favors." For $20,000, Newman got Gaslight's private club license back, and waitresses like Nancy Hanson (*right*) were able to go on with their jobs. But Newman's work was short-lived. The S.L.A. has once again refused to renew Gaslight's private club license, and the matter is now being appealed in court.

A CLEAN-UP BEGINS, D.A. KEEPS DIGGING

NEW HEAD TO STRAIGHTEN OUT S.L.A.

Trying to clean up the S.L.A. mess, Governor Rockefeller has appointed Donald S. Hostetter (*above, center*), an ex-FBI agent, to replace deposed Chairman Martin Epstein. With Hostetter are (*from left*) Democrats John C. Hart and William H. Morgan and Republicans Robert E. Doyle and Benjamin H. Balcom. All but Hostetter were in the Epstein regime.

SCANDAL CONTINUED

about this decision. Medwin answers questions with the comment: "Go see Mahoney."

It is difficult not to place New York's Republican Attorney General Louis Lefkowitz on the list, too, although he denies with some vehemence that he deserves inclusion. Lefkowitz was positively the big town's best liquor lawyer before he became attorney general in 1957. At that point, however, his associate, Hyman Siegel, apparently inherited his S.L.A. practice. Siegel is now positively the most influential liquor lawyer in town.

Lefkowitz says it is a "pitiful, completely unjust lie" to link this success of Siegel's in any way to Lefkowitz. "I chose not to continue in private practice," he explains, "and thank God for that decision. I completely divorced myself from my practice. Any success Mr. Siegel has enjoyed has been based on hard work, good preparation of cases and being very thorough." This formula, Lefkowitz says further, was the key to his own success in the days before he gave it all up. "If I had any success before the S.L.A., it was due to hard work, weekend work, night work, getting up early." Had he, Lefkowitz, ever been solicited for a payoff?

"Never. I heard stories. But I moved away. I didn't listen."

Whether Siegel or Lefkowitz realizes it or not, however, a good deal of Siegel's reputation today stems from the fact that he knows the attorney general so intimately. Bar owners who hire lawyers believe this and talk about it. So—according to a tape recording now in possession of an official investigative body—does at least one official of the S.L.A. The tape recorder was concealed on the person of a Manhattan widow while she was interviewed by the S.L.A. official one day during the Epstein regime. The conversation it contains goes exactly like this:

MRS. X: I've just got to have that removal [transfer of a license], sir. It is all I have to support me. When my husband died, the store was all he left and it's a decent living. Without it I could very well end up as a public charge. I can't see why you won't approve the removal.

S.L.A. OFFICIAL: I'm very sorry. The decision stands.

MRS. X: I followed all the regulations. I picked out another spot

AN HONEST GUY—AND HIS CATCH

Ralph Pansini (*left*) is the man who set off the investigation that brought the liquor corruption into the open. Owner of the Candlelight Lounge on Manhattan's West Side, Pansini refused to pay a $3,500 bribe for a liquor license. But he got a license anyway. Consequently faced with a $1,000 payoff demand, Pansini balked and went to District Attorney Hogan. With tape recorders, cameras and marked money he helped gather evidence that led to the indictment of S.L.A. Inspectors Maurice Bernstein (*right*) and Ernest Moss. Later Moss committed suicide (*p. 25*).

INVESTIGATOR'S TOUGH TASK FORCE

The diggers and probers who quietly and systematically have been uncovering corruption in the State Liquor Authority are headed by this task force. Its relentless boss is Democratic District Attorney Frank S. Hogan (*left*). His chief assistant is Alfred J. Scotti (*right*)—like Hogan, a graduate of Tom Dewey's famous investigative squad of the late 1930s.

where there weren't any other stores for blocks. Everything looked perfect for a removal and still you don't approve. I can't understand why not.

S.L.A. OFFICIAL: That's the way it is.

MRS. X: Well, how come when I last looked at the location there was a sign in the window that a liquor store was opening? How did they get approval?

S.L.A. OFFICIAL: They had a lawyer.

MRS. X: Of course they had a lawyer. So did I. Everybody does.

S.L.A. OFFICIAL: Listen, lady. I'm sorry for you. From what you tell me, that store is all there is between you and welfare. You probably couldn't afford the right lawyer.

MRS. X: Afford the right lawyer? How much would that be?

S.L.A. OFFICIAL: A good man would charge $7,500. But you say you can't afford it.

MRS. X: I never said I couldn't afford it. I'll get the money together if I have to beg it or borrow it. Who do I see?

S.L.A. OFFICIAL: Well, I don't know if I should give you Mr. Big's name. You're in the business, you should know it.

MRS. X: If I knew it, I wouldn't be in this situation, would I?

S.L.A. OFFICIAL: All right, you go see Louis Lefkowitz' partner. You know Louis can't handle things personally now. It's obvious. I'll write it down for you.

No one is permitted to enter the S.L.A. offices at 270 Broadway without obtaining a pass in the lobby and stating his name, his business and the official he wants to see. During one three-month period in 1960, Hyman Siegel made nine visits to the S.L.A. and saw Martin Epstein eight times. "If you have a sore throat," says an attorney who understands the intricacies of liquor practice, "you may go to your general practitioner. But more than likely you'll go to

CONTINUED

G.O.P. LIQUOR LAWYERS—PAST, PRESENT

Three powerful New York Republicans are—or have been—members of law firms that have liquor-case practices. Before he was elected State Attorney General, Louis J. Lefkowitz (*left*) was considered Manhattan's best liquor lawyer. Now his former associate has inherited that reputation. The law firm of Senate Majority Leader Walter Mahoney (*above*), representing a liquor dealer, persuaded S.L.A. to break its policy of forbidding liquor stores in shopping centers. The law firm of Assembly Speaker Joseph Carlino (*right*) represents clients before the S.L.A.

an eye-ear-nose-and-throat specialist. Siegel is an eye-ear-nose-and-throat lawyer."

New York County Chairman Bernard Newman and State Chairman Morhouse fall into a different category. At the moment, in fact, one is left to speculate as to just exactly what either did to earn the substantial legal fees they were paid by the owners of two Manhattan key clubs—Newman by the owner of the Gaslight Club, Morhouse by the owner of the Playboy Club. There is nothing illegal, it should be pointed out, in a lawyer charging a client any amount the client will pay him. Nor is there anything in either the Gaslight or Playboy case to suggest that Newman or Morhouse kicked back money to anyone. Nevertheless, both cases have certain fascinating overtones.

The Gaslight Club was the first of the two to be established—in 1956. Its "members," who had only to pay a nominal fee to attain that status and gain possession of a key which guaranteed access to the premises, were afforded a Gay Nineties atmosphere, red wallpaper and an opportunity to ogle scantily dressed waitresses. The S.L.A. caused no difficulties. In 1959, however, the S.L.A. under Chairman Tom Rohan ruled that the Gaslight was not, in fact, a private club. It was entitled to a restaurant license but was not entitled to exclude the general public.

The Gaslight, thereby denied its "exclusive" clientele, bided its time. When Martin Epstein took office, it again sought a private-club license. Its regular attorney, Albert J. Proujansky, engaged Republican County Chairman Newman to assist him in this endeavor. The Gaslight Club got back its private license forthwith—and Newman was paid the ringing sum of $20,000 for his assistance.

Why was he chosen?

"We hired Mr. Newman because he is a specialist in these matters," says Proujansky. "I do not specialize in S.L.A. cases. I felt Mr. Newman had that certain skill."

Would Newman have been hired if he were not Republican county chairman and influential in patronage matters?

"That," says Lawyer Proujansky, "is a hypothetical question and cannot be answered at this time."

But Burton Browne, proprietor of the Gaslight clubs, states: "I suspect Proujansky hired Newman because of his political influence as well as his specialized legal talent. But I don't think he [Newman] bought anyone. People probably owed him favors. After all, the county chairman has political influence, or else why would anyone want the job?"

Newman himself, no longer a county chairman, refuses to discuss the matter beyond saying: "This is a sacred, private matter between client and attorney. Please forgive me, but no comment."

State Chairman Morhouse's role in the adventures of the Playboy Club is also curious. Of all the names directly involved in the liquor scandal, his was the most distinguished. A tall, handsome, friendly and intelligent man with a high reputation for probity, he was the very archetype of the new, the enlightened, the completely sanitized party administrator. He had seconded Nixon's nomination for the vice-presidency in 1956, engineered Rockefeller's two successful gubernatorial campaigns and he acted as Rockefeller's most trusted and intimate political adviser.

Hugh Hefner, inventor and proprietor of the Playboy chain of clubs in Chicago, Miami, New Orleans and St. Louis, is a fellow who wears bunnies on his ties, likes to be seen with pretty girls and is, more importantly, both rich and the publisher of *Playboy* magazine. Hefner, perhaps because of the Gaslight Club's earlier success in getting a private-club liquor license, seems to have invaded Manhattan with undue optimism. He spent $3.5 million to prepare his Valhalla-for-the-tired-businessman and then discovered that the S.L.A. took a dim view of his assumption that he, too, would be able to peddle keys and limit his clientele.

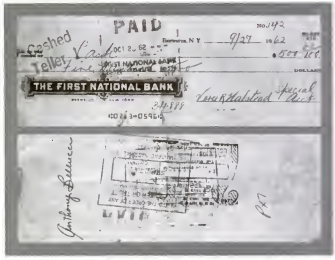
The club was due to open last Dec. 8. But on Dec. 6 Hefner was still being cold-shouldered by the S.L.A. and there was not a bottle of liquor in the place. Then, on Dec. 7, his license suddenly came through. The jam of liquor trucks on the street that day looked, in the words of one eyewitness, "like the invasion of Normandy."

"I would not deny," said Hefner later, "that pressures were brought to bear on us as, I am certain, they were on anyone getting a license in New York during the last several years. It is a shame that the biggest city in the country should have this sort of a problem." He added: "We did not attempt to accomplish anything of an extra-legal nature."

District Attorney Hogan seems,

THIS ARTICLE IS CONTINUED ON PAGE 101

SHAKEDOWNS SPREAD THROUGH THE STATE



IN THE STICKS, A PAYOFF NAILED

Corruption in the State Liquor Authority is not confined to New York City. In rural Putnam County, Liquor Control Officer George Kurz (*below*) was accused of asking for and getting $2,000 in payoffs. The $500 check above, shown front and back, is prime evidence: made out to cash, it was endorsed and cashed by a close friend of Kurz's named Bellucci. A grand jury indictment said Kurz was paid the other $1,500 by Mrs. Anthony Mancini (*right*) and her husband, owner of a restaurant in Mahopac, to "fix things" with S.L.A. on two violations and also to push a liquor license through for a second establishment bought by Mrs. Mancini. Kurz was indicted for bribery and for perjury when he denied receiving the check.

Pizza

Costa Rica's Volcano Blows Its Mighty Top

The awesome spectacle of Costa Rica's Irazú volcano in eruption was enough to send one curiosity seeker (*foreground*) scampering to safety, but others stood their ground a few hundred yards back up the trail at the very rim of the crater. Because this puff sent up only sulphurous smoke and clouds of gritty ash—but no boulders or fountains of lava—there were no fatalities or injuries. The volcano—as though caught up in the spirit of 21-gun salutes for visiting chiefs of state—had exploded into activity while President Kennedy was attending the Central American presidential conference in nearby San José (LIFE, March 29). As it kept huffing and puffing, the volcanic ash turned thousands of acres of fine hillside pastureland into wasteland. Volcano experts predicted, however, that Irazú's eruptions would soon diminish.

CONTINUED

FATHER-IN-LAW. The Maharaja of Sikkim, father of Hope's husband and the ruler of the protectorate, watched the wedding from his five-foot-high throne.

SISTER-IN-LAW. Savoring her serving at the wedding lunch, Princess Kula, sister of the groom, moves among 5,000 guests who feasted on boar, champagne.

Post-debutante marries Palden Thondup Namgyal

At first glance the young Manhattan post-debutante (*left*) might have been dressing for a costume ball to highlight New York's spring social season. But the gown was her wedding dress and the final fitting took place in the fairyland city of Gangtok, the capital of the cloud-shrouded Himalayan kingdom of Sikkim (a protectorate of India), on the eve of the marriage ceremony that would make 22-year-old Hope Cooke the kingdom's Maharaj Kumari, or crown princess.

A graduate of Sarah Lawrence, she had met the crown prince, Gyalsay Rimpoche Maharaj Kumar Palden Thondup Namgyal, a widower, during a 1958 vacation trip to India. Romance flowered and in due course the prince, who is 39 and revered by his father's 160,000 subjects as a reincarnation of a Buddhist priest, asked for her hand. To await a propitious day, court soothsayers delayed the marriage one year. On the selected day, with U.S. Ambassador to India J. Kenneth Galbraith in attendance, the bride sipped yak butter tea and allowed the royal astrologer to write sacred signs on her fingers. Then she sat on her throne beside the future ruler of a land that has no lawyers or newspapers and where incoming mail comes by pony express.

WEDDING RAIMENT. Eldest sister (*left*) of the crown prince helps a Tibetan dresser with final fitting of Hope's white brocade silk wedding gown.

ON THEIR THRONES. Draped in scarf, the new Maharaj Kumari sits by her husband. Her throne is several inches lower than that of crown prince.

CONTINUED

Two faces recall the Yukon

The blank, utter exhaustion upon their faces was a diary of an ordeal that surpassed all logic. Flying south from Fairbanks, Alaska seven weeks earlier in a private plane, Helen Klaben, 21, out of Brooklyn, and pilot Ralph Flores, 42, had crash-landed in sub-zero cold on a remote slope in Canada's winter-lashed Yukon territory. In the impact Helen suffered a broken left arm and the pilot, who lay unconscious for an hour, had fractures of the nose and jaw. Both suffered severe frostbite of the toes, and it seemed that they could not even live out the first night.

But they did, and for a week they nibbled at two cans of fruit and two tins of sardines and a box of crackers. Then the pair consumed their two tubes of tooth paste. After that they had only moisture obtained from snow. The girl, who had signed on for the flight just after Flores—a Mexican-born lay preacher of the Mormon faith—had advertised for a passenger, credits his faith with keeping them alive. In the end it was his SOS, tramped out in the snow, that caught the eye of an over-flying pilot and brought rescuers 50 days after the ordeal had begun.

ORDEAL'S END. Suffering from gangrene of the foot, Helen Klaben lies in a hospital in Whitehorse, Yukon, while her pilot, unshaven for seven weeks, tries numbly and silently to comprehend their amazing salvation.

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V-8 VERDICT FROM MONTE CARLO

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How do you earn applause from the world's most blasé automotive audience? Show them something as ultra-smart as these new '63½ models. A rakish new roofline for the Ford Sports Hardtop. Brilliant new power for Fairlane. And V-8's for all Falcons,* excitingly displayed in a new kind of total performance car, the Sprint!

'63½ Fairlane Sports Coupe. (upper right) Full-size inside, a very functional size outside . . . and with *three* V-8's, right up to 271 h.p.! Four-speed stick shift, of course, and a crisp Thunderbird roofline that now offers a black or white vinyl covering as options.

63½ Falcon Sprint V-8 (lower right) The big news here is that, for the first time, V-8 Power is available in all Falcons.* The star of the line is the Falcon Sprint, the American sensation of the punishing Monte Carlo Rallye. Special steering wheel, tachometer, bucket seats and V-8 scat are all standard in the Sprint.

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So smooth, so satisfying, so downright smokeable!

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HE FOUGHT, TALKED, THEN DIED . . .

DAVEY MOORE

This picture of the doomed boxer was taken just after his fight in Los Angeles—and just before he collapsed. He sat and talked with reporters, saying he felt terrible about losing his championship. But otherwise he felt all right.

CONTINUED

...16TH RING DEATH IN 15 MONTHS

FATAL FALL. In the 10th round, Moore slumps toward ropes. His head hit bottom strand and this, say doctors, caused brain damage leading to his death.

DISTRESSED WINNER. After hearing Moore had died, Ramos weeps on bed. "I know it's not my fault," he said. "But that doesn't make me feel any better."

As he sat there (*preceding page*) Davey Moore was worried about just one thing. He had lost his featherweight title. "It just wasn't my night," he said. Minutes later Moore complained that his head hurt. Shortly, he sank into a coma. He died four days later without regaining consciousness.

It was boxing's 16th fatality in the past 15 months and it stimulated renewed demands that the sport be abolished. The most influential voice was that of Pope John XXIII: "It is barbaric to put brother against brother." Governor Pat Brown pushed his campaign to have the sport banished in California and there was increased agitation to outlaw it in several other states.

Sugar Ramos, the man whose fists delivered the deadly blows, tearfully wondered whether he should fight again. Five years ago he had knocked out José Blanco—and Blanco died. After Moore's death four fighters announced that they were through with boxing.

The outcry was based mainly on grounds that boxing was brutal and immoral. Why was the ring becoming a death chamber?

Most likely it is the lack of good enough fighters with good enough experience. Boxers today do not go through the rigorous training that was once basic and are not as well conditioned as they should be. In today's frenzied race to put anybody willing to wear gloves into the ring, fighters never master basic protective tricks like riding with punches and keeping their chins in. The blunt fact is that today's fighters—especially at the top level—don't belong in the same ring with the fighters of 25 years ago. And if they cannot come up to that standard, they should not be fighting.

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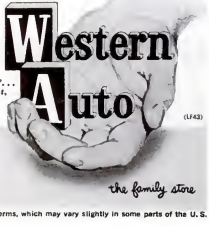
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Bone tired after their acrobatics, New York's young siamangs, both males and 14 inches tall, grumpily curl up for a nap.

...oh what a howl!

For all their shenanigans and monkeyshines (*preceding page*), these rare young gibbons can be forgiven if, as seems to be the case above, they take a jaundiced view of their new home in New York's Bronx zoo. Not only are they a fur distance from their native habitat in Malaya, they also will become such a noisy novelty, when they go on display, that they are apt to be excessively listened to and stared at. Only a year old, these little fellows, called siamangs, have small throat pouches that emit subdued squawks. But once they reach full-throated adulthood like their cousin (*below*) in the San Diego zoo, they will give forth with bloodcurdling, banshee-like whoops that could horrify Bronx residents for miles around.

Puffing up his pouch that is bigger than his head, San Diego's siamang lets loose the whoops that are his morning ritual.

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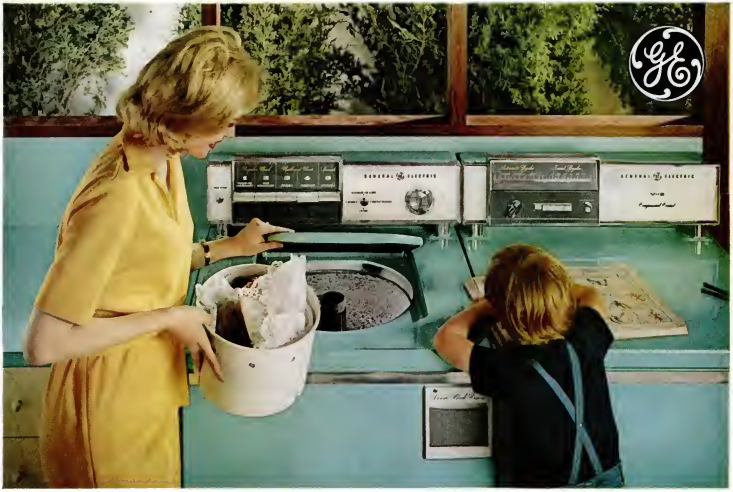

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Hanging nonchalantly from their keeper's gloved hand, the two young siamangs swing gently back and forth in a favorite game. They are still being pampered in the zoo's hospital and will not make their public appearance for several months.

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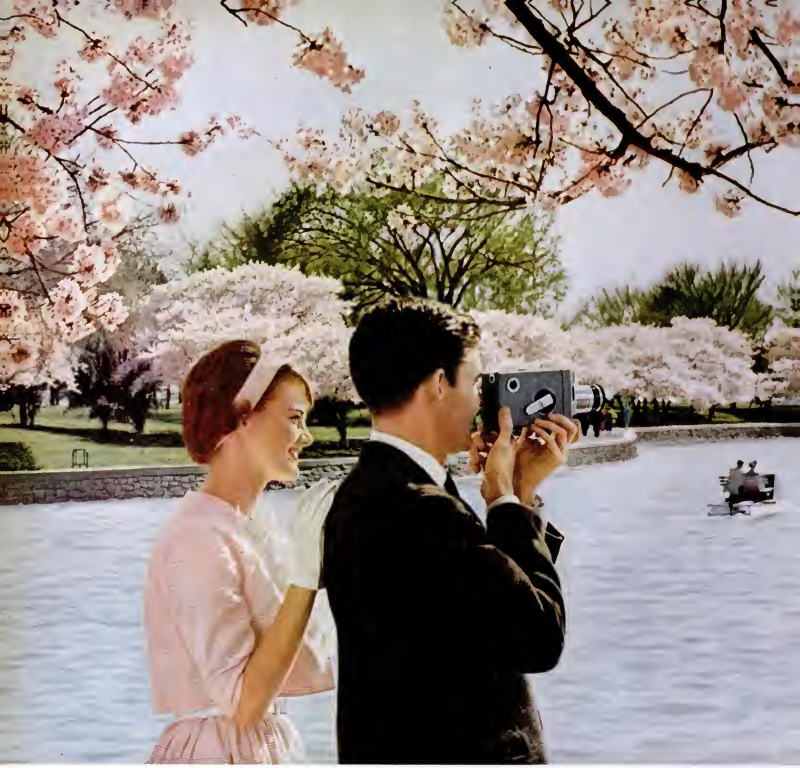

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ANN PAGE FOODS—SOLD ONLY AT YOUR A&P

Good Grief! Garbo?

What the movie moguls have long failed to do, dress designers have finally pulled off this spring. They have brought Greta Garbo out of retirement—at least in fashionable facsimile. Garbo's legendary lanky grace and ability to make comfortable, even mannish clothes look effortlessly sophisticated and somewhat sexy have always intrigued women, especially outdoors ones. This season her slouch hats, shirt sleeves, loosely tailored overcoats, even her rugged low-heeled oxfords turn up as the strongest uniform for city wear in the most prestigious U.S. and Paris collections. And for nighttime many soft evening dresses with long full sleeves are reminiscent of those Garbo wore in favorite roles.

Suddenly, as though Garbo herself had burst from seclusion at the peak of her form, a German-born model named Anya Robertson (*right*, in Adolfo's chin-tied slouch hat), who lives in New York and was only 2 when Garbo made her last movie, has become as enthralling a prize in fashion circles as the mysterious Swede ever was in Hollywood. Every haunting turn of her face, every line of her lithe figure is a reminder of the star, as shown in the comparisons on the next page. And, Anya says, when she wears the variations that follow, she even *feels* like Garbo.

CONTINUED

Slouch Style Updated

1940 Garbo (*left*) wore a slouch hat with shirt dress. Anya (*below*) wears hat with linen shirt, ascot and tweed skirt (Sloat, 865). Her Garbo-like oxfords (Evins) are similar to those shown currently by Norell and Balenciaga.

Off-Shoulder Revisited

1939 Garbo (*left*) wore sheer off-shouldered, full-sleeved evening dress in *Ninotchka*. Anya's 1963 dress (*above*) by Burke-Amey is equally romantic, has similar sleeves and neckline but is made in heavily textured silk and has this season's characteristic high waist.

Old Bathrobe, New Coat

1938 Garbo (*right*) wore oversize man's dressing gown. Jersey coat above (Paul Whitney, 8250) is in similar stripes, is also loosely belted. In Garbo's day her size seven flat-heeled shoes were considered enormous—but Anya's low-heeled pumps are three sizes larger.

"Ninotchka" Classic

For the famous laughing scene in 1939's *Ninotchka* (*far left*), Garbo wore classic trench coat over inevitable shirtwaist. Trigère's version of coat is classic in cut but made of luxurious Oriental brocade for evening wear. It is worn by Anya with neck open to show a bit of the matching dress beneath.

CONTINUED

Photographed in Elgin, Scotland, by "21" Brands. Front row (l. to r.): Sandy Allan, Head Maltman; Willie Watson, Cooper; Willie Turner, Maltman; Bob Gamnie, Mashman; Jimmy Sim, Tun Room Man; Peter Geddes, Still Man; Robbie Stewart, Still Man; Jack Grant, Maltman. Rear (l. to r.): Willie Craig, Manager; Bob Milne, Head Brewer; Jack Sinclair, Asst. Brewer; George Geddes, Head Warehouse Man; Charlie Sinclair, Asst. Warehouse Man; James Anderson, Boiler Man.

14 Scotsmen and how they make Ballantine's the bright, right Scotch

These 14 Scotsmen make a rare Highland whisky at Ballantine's distillery in Elgin, Scotland, hard by the North Sea.

It is just one of the 42 high-grade whiskies that are harmonized to make Ballantine's sunny-light flavor. These men have skills passed down from generation to generation. Each man goes about his work with the same unhurried pride that has marked the making of Ballantine's for more than 130 years.

The final result is bright, right Scotch whisky—never brash or heavy, nor so limply light that it merely teases your taste buds. Ballantine's is always good-natured and gentle, flaunting its sunny-lightness to all who choose its company.

Just a few reasons why:
The more you know about Scotch the more you like Ballantine's.

BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND · BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY · 86 PROOF · IMPORTED BY "21" Brands, Inc., N.Y.C.

In Garbo's last movie, *Two-Faced Woman* (1941), she wore a clinging low-backed dress, a hit with would-be worldly women then. The same dress (Gell Chapman, $90) worn here by Anva is fast becoming a new evening classic for today's young set who wear it with smoothly straight hair, little or no jewelry.

CONTINUED

Easter time

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CHOOSE ONE OF THESE BOUQUETS FROM OUR NEW FTD CATALOG

Our new FTD catalog shows 21 flower arrangements you can send anywhere in the U.S.A. or Canada—simply by phoning or visiting an FTD florist. With all the pictures and prices right before you, you can see what you're sending, know what you're spending, and be sure how it will look when it arrives. Just order by number. The catalog suggestions shown above, for instance, range from $6 to $12, vase included, and can be sent anywhere for a nominal handling charge. (Handling charges, extra on out-of-town deliveries, can be as low as 50¢, when you order far enough ahead.) Any FTD florist will be glad to give or send you a free catalog—just the right size to keep handy by your telephone. And, naturally, he'll also be most willing to send any flower or plant selection you wish—like lilies for Easter.

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GOING TO BUY A USED CAR? YOU'VE GOT A LOT TO LOOK FOR !!!

GARBO? CONTINUED

High-necked, long-sleeved evening dresses in pale-colored filmy fabrics were great favorites with the movie stars of the '30s, and Garbo went along with the trend in 1932's *Grand Hotel*. Here barefooted Anya reclines languorously in an up-to-date version designed by Ceil Chapman ($145), and made of silk organdy with a shirt-top, tiered skirt. Anya's husband is New York architect.

CONTINUED

Look for a good man to deal with You'll find experienced salesmen at your Chevy dealer's OK used car lot. They know cars—and how to please people who need cars. Let one of these courteous OK professionals help you when you're in the market for a good transportation value!

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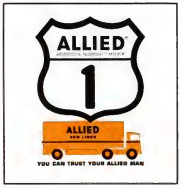
7. We move you *in* as carefully as we moved you out. We set up the beds, and place all your furniture exactly where you want it.



8. If you would like to move as easily as this, put us in the picture. Just phone Allied Van Lines—the world's largest mover.

GARBO? CONTINUED

Garboesque Bonus for Garbo Watchers

Thoroughly taken with her neo-Garbo role, Anya strolls in Garbo's neighborhood in New York's East Fifties where Garbo watchers occasionally are rewarded with a glimpse of the real thing. Anya's mannish gabardine topcoat was one of the season's surprises in Balenciaga's opulent Paris salon and it has been copied in the U.S. by Ohrbach's in the original fabric for $140. With coat Anya wears lightweight poplin walking boots (Saks Fifth Avenue, $23) and, naturally, dark glasses.

© HUBLEIN ABOVE: DAIQUIRI, EXTRA DRY MARTINI, MANHATTAN, WHISKEY SOUR, OLD FASHIONED—GARRISON BY DELFIELD

Pour your favorite cocktail right from the Heublein bottle

Tonight, at home, wouldn't you prefer your favorite cocktail instead of the same old plain whiskey? It's yours for the pouring with Heublein Cocktails. These superb cocktails are all full strength and expertly made of choicest liquors. Yet, drink for drink, they actually cost less than plain whiskey. Heublein Cocktails are completely ready to serve. Nothing to add but ice. Nothing to do but pour on-the-rocks and *drink delicious!*

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SCOTCH SOURS, 40 PROOF
OLD FASHIONEDS, 62 PROOF
SIDE CARS, 52.5 PROOF
STINGERS, 50 PROOF

ALL THE LIQUOR'S IN THE BOTTLE NOTHING TO ADD BUT ICE

HEUBLEIN COCKTAILS

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If you plan to build, buy, or modernize your home, you owe it to yourself and your family to read this.....

The Joy of Total Electric Living has been prepared especially for LIFE readers to introduce you to a new world of comfort and convenience, and to tell you how you and your family can enjoy it. It is the world of total electric living and the Gold Medallion Home—a world already being enjoyed by thousands of families all across America. In a Gold Medallion Home, flameless electricity does everything including heating and cooling the whole house... cooking the food... washing and drying the dishes... providing the hot water... and washing and drying the family clothes.

If you ever plan to build or buy a new home, or modernize your present home, you owe it to yourself and your family to read this message first!

Read what families living in Gold Medallion Homes all across America are saying about this modern way to live:

The Gordon Kelly Family
Eatontown, New Jersey

"We're completely sold on the comfort and convenience of total electric living," reports Gordon Kelly. "Flameless electric home heating and air conditioning keep our home as fresh—and as clean—as springtime the whole year round."

The Harry Brummett Family
Torrance California

"Cooler summer cooking is one of the things I appreciate most about a flameless electric range," says Mrs. Brummett. "And because it uses no flame, my kitchen walls and woodwork stay clean longer."

The Ernest Gates Family
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"There's always enough hot water now, even with our large family," Mrs. Gates reports. "Our flameless electric water heater really does a wonderful job. It's the most dependable we've ever had."

If this insert has already been torn out, contact your local electric utility company for information on the Joy of Total Electric Living.

Tear out and save this valuable guide to greater home value and comfort!

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"Our total electric home is so clean that even our pastel furnishings and walls are completely practical," Mrs. Lewis points out. "And because I spend so much less time now on routine housecleaning, I can do a lot more things for my family I never had time for before."

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A heroic war saved Greece's freedom, a tragic war broke its spirit

PRIDE

Ancient Greece's golden age was born out of the shining heroism of one war, in which a handful of free men hurled back an invading horde of slaves. It perished in the sickening convulsions of a second war fought without honor or glory which, like the sun setting behind the ruins of Cape Sounion, bathed Greece in the lurid glow of decay.

The first war, the Persian invasions of 490 and 480 B.C., was perhaps the most idealistic war ever fought, and its

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AND FALL

stirring story was recorded by a historian ideally suited to his theme. The sanguine Herodotus saw the Persian wars almost as a Homeric epic, a climax in the eternal struggle between East and West, between slavery and human dignity. In the second war, the Peloponnesian War of fifty years later, Sparta and Athens, surrounded by their satellites, plunged Greece into a 27-year agony of fratricide. It, too, had its ideal historian, Thucydides. He saw his war almost as a Greek tragedy and perceived that the defeats of the Peloponnesian War took place not on the battlefields but in the souls of men.

The Peloponnesian War was a bitterness and shame that the ancient Greeks would have preferred to forget; but they always glowed at the memory of the Persian war. "In winter," wrote the philosopher Xenophanes, "we sit by the fireside . . . and drink sweet wine and munch nuts and say . . . 'How old were you, dear friend, when the Persians came?' "

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In 480 B.C. Greece shook to the tread of the most colossal invading army that men had ever seen. Xerxes, the Great King, absolute ruler over an empire that stretched 3,000 miles from Europe to India, had set out with the concentrated might of his enormous realm to crush the diminutive land of Greece. In a feat that still seems unbelievable, the Greeks utterly routed the invaders, saving their own liberty and giving men reason to hope that mindless hordes whipped into battle at one man's will need not always prevail against even a small number of free men fighting for their lives, their families and their laws.

The war was no simple matter of good against bad: there was stupidity, cowardice and treachery on both sides. But the invasion had an uplifting effect on the Greeks, who largely forgot their petty quarrels and united against the common foe. In the death and destruction that Xerxes' armies brought, the Greeks also discovered the unique mission of their own civilization and a voice to utter it.

It was the voice of Herodotus, "the father of history," who told the story of the war in his *Histories*. An Ionian, born in the city of Halicarnassus, he wrote his history during the golden age. The work had as much pro-Greek propaganda in it as history, and this may be one reason why it became popular immediately. It was read aloud at Greek festivals as a moving testament of what the Greeks regarded as their greatest achievement.

Xerxes was the second Persian despot to march against Greece. Ten years before, in 490 B.C., Xerxes' father Darius had sent an expedition to punish Athens for its part in the abortive revolt of the Greek cities of Ionia, which had some time before been swallowed up by the Persian empire. The Athenians had stopped that threat at Marathon, pushing Darius' army into the sea. And now Xerxes was out to avenge his dead father's injured pride.

In preparation for the great invasion Xerxes ransacked every corner of his realm. "For four years," says Herodotus, "the mustering of troops and the provision of stores and equipment continued." The king left nothing to chance. He set up supply dumps along his intended line of march. He set thousands of his subjects to work under the lash digging a canal across the neck of stormy Athos peninsula (*see map*). He sent envoys to every place in Greece except Athens and Sparta, demanding the usual tokens of submission—earth and water.

There was not a nation in all Asia," writes Herodotus, "that Xerxes did not take with him against Greece." Herodotus wildly exaggerated the size of Xerxes' army, putting it at around five million men and over 4,000 ships. More likely, Xerxes had around 180,000 men and 800 triremes—a force still many times bigger than anything Greece could muster.

When all was ready, Xerxes led his myriads out of Asia into Europe over a pair of floating bridges built across the Hellespont. On the farther shore he held a grand review and was so moved that he summoned Demaratus, a renegade Spartan in his retinue, and said, "Tell me—will the Greeks dare to lift a hand against me?" Demaratus replied, "My lord, the Spartans will not under any circumstances accept terms which would mean slavery for Greece; they will fight you even if the rest of Greece submits. Fighting singly, the Spartans are as good as any, but fighting together they are the best soldiers in the world. They are free—yes—but not entirely free; for they have a master, and that master is Law, which they fear much more than your subjects fear you."

Unworried by this, Xerxes began the long march through Greece. Army and fleet advanced together, the fleet sailing always close to shore, and the army hugging the coast. The expedition passed uneventfully through Thrace, already part of Xerxes' dominions, even through Macedonia and Thessaly, without meeting any resistance.

In Macedonia the heralds Xerxes had sent with demands for submission now rejoined the army—some empty-handed, others bringing the submissive earth and water. Some city-states which submitted, says Herodotus, "were in good spirits,

QUOTATIONS FROM HERODOTUS ON THIS AND FOLLOWING PAGES

Persia's hordes march in to crush the Greeks

ASSAILED BY THE MIGHT OF XERXES

but others were thrown into a panic, partly because there were not enough ships to meet the Persians, partly because many of the Greeks were all too willing to accept Persian dominion." Some cities actually welcomed the invasion as an opportunity to settle old scores with their neighbors.

The oracle at Delphi, chief center of prophecy in Greece, advised the Athenians to put their trust in the "wooden wall." Some thought this meant the Acropolis, which was once surrounded by a thorn hedge. But others, including the rising Athenian leader Themistocles, were sure that the wooden wall meant ships, and they set about readying the fleet.

At the Isthmus of Corinth, the neck of land that joins the Peloponnesian peninsula to the rest of Greece, 31 city-states, including Athens and Sparta, formed an alliance. They agreed to make a stand against Xerxes' army at the narrow pass of Thermopylae, where the mountains drop off into the sea, and to send a fleet to Artemisium, on the island of Euboea, to intercept the Persian fleet. Leadership of the alliance was given to the Spartans, but the Spartans at heart were only interested in saving the Peloponnesus. As a token gesture they sent one of their kings, Leonidas, to Thermopylae with 7,000 men, but only 300 were actually Spartans.

Surprised by the news that some Greeks were prepared to resist him at Thermopylae, Xerxes sent a Persian to spy on the enemy. The troops the spy saw "happened to be the Spartans," says Herodotus, "and some were stripped for exercise, while others were combing their hair," as Spartans always did before facing death. The news bewildered Xerxes. He could not understand how so small a force could fight with his army. "For four days Xerxes waited," Herodotus continues, "in constant expectation that the Greeks would escape; then, on the fifth, he was seized with rage and sent troops forward with orders to take them alive and bring them into his presence." But the Spartans beat off every assault and "made it plain enough to anyone, and not least to the king himself, that he had in his army many men, indeed, but few soldiers." Time after time Xerxes flung one corps after another at the pass, without breaking the Greek line.

On the seventh day a treacherous Greek told Xerxes how the Persians might take the Spartans from the rear. His instructions were stealthily carried out and the Spartans, attacked from in front and from behind, fought until the last man was killed.

Meanwhile the Greek ships under Themistocles had fought a few indecisive skirmishes with the Persian fleet at Artemisium. But the biggest help to the Greeks was the weather. Two hundred Persian ships, sailing around Euboea in hopes of taking the Greek fleet from the rear, ran into a violent storm off the south cape of the island and were totally destroyed.

When Thermopylae fell, Themistocles sailed back to Athens. There he learned that the Peloponnesian army, instead of covering Athens as had been agreed, "were concerned only with their own safety and were fortifying the Isthmus in order to protect the Peloponnesus, while the rest of Greece, so far as they cared, might take its chance." Themistocles' only choice, therefore, was to evacuate Athens and stake everything on a naval battle, hoping to hurt the Persian fleet and cut off its supply line.

As the Persians drew closer, the Greeks, who had gathered their ships in the channel off Salamis Island, bitterly debated their next move. The Peloponnesians wanted to retreat but Themistocles insisted on making a stand where they were. "While the discussion was still going on," says Herodotus, "a man arrived from Athens with the news that the Persians had entered Athenian territory and that the whole country was ablaze." They had sacked the empty city and butchered a few people who had barricaded themselves on the Acropolis.

At this news some naval commanders did not even wait for the council to finish but hoisted sail for immediate flight. In desperation Themistocles resorted to a trick. He secretly sent a messenger to the Persian fleet with word that the Greeks were demoralized, and that if the Persians were to block both ends of Salamis channel, they would have the Greek fleet at their mercy.

The Persians swallowed Themistocles' bait. Next morning the allies found themselves surrounded and had to fight. On Sept. 20, 480 B.C., five months after Xerxes crossed the Hellespont, the Greek fleet came to grips with its enemy in the Battle of Salamis and inflicted a defeat so crushing that Xerxes' only thought was to escape to Persia. Behind him he left his lieutenant, Mardonius, and a sizable part of the Persian force, to try to recoup his loss with a victory on land. The Spartans still hung back behind the wall they had built across the Isthmus of Corinth, and would have stayed there if they had not been afraid of what the combined naval forces of Athens and Persia could do in case Athens was defeated. At the very last moment the Spartans changed their minds and marched north in full force. At Plataea the combined armies of the allies met and routed the Persian host.

After the battle the Spartans again retired to the Peloponnesus, but the Athenians followed up their triumph by two more victories in the Aegean, ending forever the Persian threat to the freedom of Greece. Liberator of Greece and mistress of the sea, Athens now rose to the peak of its power.

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CONTINUED

Under the eyes of the Great King, fighting men

The army of Xerxes was an awesome sight as it rolled down the Asian bluffs, swarmed along the shores and poured across the bridge of boats into Europe. All humanity seemed to have gathered to destroy Greece. There were Medes and Persians in soft round hats (*left*), ax-wielding Scythians from Russia in tall, pointed leather caps (*right*), Arabs on camels (*background*), troops from Thrace with fox-skin headdresses, cotton-clad Indians with cane bows and arrows, swarthy Ethiopians in leopard skins, wiry Bactrians from Afghanistan.

"But of all the troops," reports Herodotus, "the Persians were the best and most magnificently equipped. Every man glittered with gold; they were accompanied by carriages full of their women and servants, all elaborately fitted out. Special food was brought along for them on camels and mules."

There were actually two bridges, at some distance apart, each almost a mile long. One was built by the Egyptians, the other by the Phoenicians. The bridges had only just been completed when a violent storm smashed them up and carried everything away.

"Xerxes," writes Herodotus, "was very angry and gave orders that the Hellespont should receive 300 lashes and have a pair of fetters thrown into it. He also ordered that the men responsible should have

from all Asia storm into Europe on a bridge of boats

ACROSS THE HELLESPONT

their heads cut off. This unseemly order was carried out, and other engineers were appointed to start the work afresh." This time the cables connecting the ships were doubled and the bridge held.

"Then," Herodotus continues, "Xerxes poured wine into the sea out of a golden goblet and, his face turned to the rising sun, prayed that no chance might prevent him from conquering Europe. Then he flung the cup into the Hellespont and the crossing began."

From a marble throne on the bluff Xerxes watched his army going over. "The crossing occupied seven days and nights without a break," says Herodotus. "There is a story that a native of the country exclaimed to Xerxes: 'Why, O God, have you assumed the shape of a man of Persia and changed your name to Xerxes in order to lead everyone in the world to the conquest and devastation of Greece? You could have destroyed Greece without going to that trouble.' "

by STANLEY MELTZOFF

CONTINUED

Three hundred heroes fight a

LAST STAND AT THERMOPYLAE

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the Persian movement." On Leonidas' orders most of his confederate troops now scattered, leaving only a small force to back up his 300 Spartans in their last stand. As always, the Spartans faced their approaching death calmly. One of them, says Herodotus on being told that the Persian arrows flew so thick that they hid the sun, replied: "So much the better; we shall have our battle in the shade."

"In the morning," continues Herodotus, "as the Persian army advanced to the attack, the Greeks, knowing that the fight would be their last, pressed forward . . . much further than they had done before. . . . Behind the Persians, the company commanders plied their whips, driving the men remorselessly on. Many fell into the sea and were drowned; still more were trampled to death by friends. No one could count the number of dead. The Greeks fought with reckless desperation. By this time most of their spears were broken and they were killing Persians with their swords.

"Leonidas fell, having fought like a man indeed. . . . There was a bitter struggle over his body; four times the Greeks drove the enemy off, and at last by their valor succeeded in dragging it away. So it went, until the fresh Persian force was at hand. Then the Greeks withdrew again into the narrow neck of the pass and took up a position in a single compact body. Here they resisted to the last, with their swords, if they had them, and, if not, with their hands and teeth, until the Persians finally overwhelmed them."

The dead were buried where they fell, and over the tomb of the Spartans a special epitaph was later set up by the Greeks. It reads, "Stranger, go tell the Spartans that here we lie in obedience to their law."

CONTINUED

With savage skill Athenian rams wreck the Persian fleet

THE TRAP AT SALAMIS

Amid the crack of splintering oars, the crunch of stove-in hulls, the shouts of sailors and screams of drowning men, the forces of Greece and Persia finally met head-on in Salamis Strait. No sea fight in all history—not Trafalgar nor Mobile Bay nor Midway—was more fateful. The battle began at dawn. The Persian triremes, their triple banks of wooden oars flashing in the sun, rowed slowly in from the Aegean toward the mouth of the channel. With more than 800 ships they outnumbered the Greeks about three to one.

As the Persians came close, the line of Greek ships, at Themistocles' command, began to back water. Thinking this was a retreat, the Persians poured into the narrow channel, each eager to be the first to reach the enemy and please King Xerxes, who was watching from a hillside. But the narrowing waters forced them to close their ranks. At that moment Themistocles ordered the Greeks to reverse direction and attack at full speed.

Caught by surprise, the Persians in front checked speed. But they were by now too tightly hemmed between the shores to maneuver. Ship fouled ship, entangling each other with their long sweep oars, and the Greek triremes now swept down on the paralyzed Persians, ramming and sinking them. "The greatest destruction," says Herodotus, "took place when the Persian ships which had been first engaged turned tail; for those astern fell foul of them in their attempt to press forward and do some service for their king."

The Persian tactic was to try to grapple with the enemy and storm aboard with marines. Many of their triremes were built with extra freeboard so that the marines could rake the Greek ships from above. The Greek ships also carried marines, but their chief aim was to ram the enemy below the waterline with a heavy, bronze-tipped beam extending forward from the bow.

Ramming was a delicate maneuver. If the blow was too soft, the enemy escaped; if too hard, the ram would not be extricated before the enemy's marines swarmed aboard. In the painting a Greek trireme (*left*) has just rammed the side of a Persian ship and on the bow deck the Greek marines are shooting up at the Persians to hold them off while the trireme backs away to clear the ram.

Some of the Persian ships now broke away, and soon the narrows were alive with darting, circling triremes. "But the greater part of the Persian fleet," wrote Herodotus, "suffered severely in the battle. The Persians were bound to get the worst of it because they were ignorant of naval tactics and fought at random, while the Greek fleet worked together as a whole; nonetheless they fought well that day. Every man of them did his best for fear of Xerxes, feeling that the king's eye was on him."

One Persian captain, a woman named Artemisia, rescued herself through cunning. Seeing herself about to be rammed by an Athenian ship, and finding no room for escape, she speedily rammed the nearest Persian trireme. Thinking she was on the Greek side, the Athenian gave up the chase. Xerxes, noticing the incident from afar, assumed that Artemisia had sunk a Greek ship and exclaimed, "My men have turned into women, my women into men!"

In full flight, the Persians raced for the open sea. The Greeks hastily reassembled to fight again, but Xerxes had had enough. "Personally," says Herodotus contemptuously, "I do not think he would have stayed in Greece, had all his counsellors urged him to do so—he was much too badly frightened."

A fatal, selfish flaw turned Greek against Greek

THE WAR THAT EVERYBODY LOST

In 431 B.C. Athens was flying high. During the 49 years since the Persians burned the city to the ground it had rebuilt itself on a splendid scale. Under the leadership of Pericles it had become the cultural capital of the Greek world. Its port of Piraeus was an international market place familiar to traders from as far off as Russia and Spain. Athens ruled a maritime empire of 200 city-states, and its 200 battle-ready triremes had turned the Aegean Sea, from Crete to the Bosporus, into an Athenian lake. In every direction the might of Athens reached out for new triumphs to glorify its name.

In 404 B.C. only 27 years later, the splendor of Athens lay humbled in the dust. Its fleet and army were no more; its empire had collapsed; its economy was bankrupt; its power had been broken; and, most catastrophic of all, its spirit was lamed forever. The city lay at the mercy of its enemies, and its starving people were only glad to have been spared by the plumed conquerors who swaggered through its desolate streets.

No state or government devised by man can flourish everlastingly. Republics, kingdoms and empires all live their allotted time and die. But seldom did a great empire flower so briefly and wither so quickly as Athens, and its fate was the more tragic because of the dazzling heights from which it fell.

The immediate cause of Athens' downfall was the Peloponnesian War. Sparta began the war out of fear of Athens' overbearing ambition. But the disaster had a deeper cause, rooted in a fatal deformity of the Greek mind: the fanatical chauvinism, which would exalt the glory of one city by thoughtlessly trampling down the freedom of others. The war was inevitable because ancient Greece, like Oedipus, bore within itself the seeds of its own destruction.

The Athenians, in 478 B.C., had founded the Delian League to harass the Persians. If Athens had bound its allies closer by the ties of a common citizenship, as Rome later did with its subjects, or had at least respected their liberties, the empire might have endured. But such political vision was far beyond any Greek. The Athenians reduced their fellow league members to resentful subjects. New members were forced into the fold; old members were dunned for tribute; and Athens, so recently acclaimed as Greece's liberator, became a hated "tyrant-city."

Sparta tightened up its own counterweight alliance in the Peloponnesus and on the Greek mainland. Most city-states committed themselves to one side or the other, and divided Greece drifted toward war.

When war came it not only brought Greece's latent evils exploding viciously to the surface; it also speeded the disintegration of all the mental and moral ideals on which the Greeks had built their lives. It was actually more like a wasting disease than a war. Athens in the end lost. But so did everybody else.

It required the mentality of a medical pathologist to write a really significant history of the Peloponnesian War. Athens had the man with such a mind. Though he was himself deeply involved in the war—he was an Athenian general—Thucydides traced the sinister process of decay with such clinical detachment that his *Peloponnesian War* has practically been a statesman's handbook ever since.

In 431 B.C., after a couple of explosive incidents, Sparta finally declared war and the Peloponnesian army marched into Attica, the sovereign territory of Athens. Pericles, patron of the golden age and still virtual dictator of Athens, had expected the attack and had a strategy ready to meet it. It was to fight not on land where the enemy was

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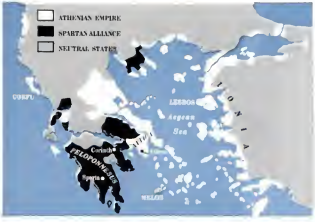

THE PLAGUE

While the Spartans raged outside Athens' walls, inside the city, in the maze of narrow streets blistering under the summer sun, the Athenians were dying by the thousands of the plague. "People began to have burning feelings in the head," wrote Thucydides, who caught the plague himself and survived; "their eyes became inflamed; inside the mouth there was bleeding from throat and tongue. Next there was coughing, vomitings of every kind of bile and the skin broke out into small pustules and ulcers. People could not bear the touch of even the lightest clothing, but wanted to be completely naked. Many plunged into the water tanks to relieve their unquenchable thirst."

From the symptoms and course of the disease doctors today believe it was probably bubonic plague. Death usually came on the seventh or eighth day, but if sufferers survived, the disease only grew worse, descending into the bowels, attacking the extremities of the body, and leaving survivors maimed and often blind.

"Half-dead creatures could be seen staggering about in the streets or flocking around the fountains," Thucydides continues. "Though many bodies lay about unburied, the birds and animals that eat human flesh either did not come near them or, if they did, died soon afterward." The temples were full of dead people, for the catastrophe was so overwhelming that men became indifferent to every rule of religion or law.

"People resolved to spend their money quickly and on pleasure, since money and life seemed ephemeral. As for honor, nobody would abide by its laws, since it was doubtful whether one would survive to enjoy the name for it. Nobody was restrained by fear of god or man. As for the gods, it seemed to be the same thing whether they were worshiped or not, with people good and bad dying indiscriminately. As for offenses against human law, no one expected to live long enough to be punished for their offenses. Athens owed to the plague the onset of unprecedented lawlessness."

BASED ON TRANSLATION BY REX WARNER
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strong but on the sea where Athens' chief power lay. Avoiding all unnecessary risks, he would carry on a war of attrition, counting on trade, on tribute and on Athens' brimming war chest to see them through.

What made Pericleas strategy practical was a set of fortified walls protecting the four-mile-long corridor between Athens and the port of Piraeus. The Long Walls, in addition to the walls around the city itself, made Athens an impregnable island with an unbreakable link to the sea. When the Spartans finally approached, Pericles evacuated Attica and pulled everyone behind the walls and waited. While the frustrated Spartans overran empty Attica, Pericles sent 100 triremes to attack the Peloponnesus.

This beginning set the pattern for much of the war. Since each side clung to its chosen element—the Spartans to the land, the Athenians to the sea—they seldom joined in a decisive battle. Almost every summer the Spartans ravaged Attica, while Athens' armed galleys cruised the Aegean, crushing uprisings in the empire and harrying Sparta's allies in the Peloponnesus.

Pericles' strategy was a marvel of cold logic. But it took little account of the nervous toll on a population under constant siege, the helpless fury of seeing their unharvested crops flaming to the sky for miles around. Nor could it anticipate the frightful plague that struck overcrowded Athens in the second year of the war and killed a quarter of the people.

The plague also swept away the wise and eloquent Pericles, who had guided Athens for 31 years with lofty disregard for popularity or profit. The democracy had respected and followed him as a man who more than any other embodied the virtues of the old aristocratic world. Now, as has often happened in democracies, the uneducated masses felt more sure of themselves and, after Pericles died, brought forth men of their own kind to lead them. A new breed of politician took over: coarse and shrewd—demagogues like Cleon the leather merchant, who fanned the growing hysteria caused by the strain of war.

In 428 B.C., for instance, Mytilene, chief city on Lesbos, revolted. The Athenians crushed the uprising; then they voted to massacre every adult male in Mytilene and enslave the women and children. The assembly sent off a trireme to announce the sentence. The following day a second meeting was called to reconsider the case. Cleon jumped to his feet to protest that a change of heart would be a sign of weakness. But an obscure citizen named Diodotus won the people back to their senses and the Athenians hurriedly sent off another trireme with a reprieve. "The first trireme," writes Thucydides, "had a start of about 24 hours." But the men in the second trireme kept rowing while they ate barley mixed with oil and wine and took turns sleeping. "Since the first ship was not hurrying on its distasteful mission, it arrived so little ahead of them that Paches, the Athenian commander, had just had time to read the decree when the second ship put into the harbor and prevented the massacre. So narrow had been the escape of Mytilene."

The war spread like fire through a parched forest. It flickered in the Gulf of Corinth where the Athenians chased the Peloponnesian navy from its own sea and lined the northern shore with Athenian bases. It raged in northern Greece where Athens' cities fell one by one to the Spartan army. But neither side could win decisively. Beleaguered Athens had to raise the tribute from its empire for a second time and levy fresh taxes on its burdened citizens.

Far more ominous was the rash of revolutions that began to break out in city after city of the empire. Most city governments had been unstable even in the best of times; no law or custom softened the struggles of parties, democratic and aristocratic. Now, with democratic Athens pitted against aristocratic-minded Sparta, party factionalism reached a new pitch of frenzy all over Greece, each party appealing for help from one or the other of the great antagonists.

To show how savage political strife became during the war, Thucydides described a revolution that shook the western island of Corfu in 427 B.C. While Athenian and Peloponnesian ships battled outside Corfu's chief harbor, Corfiot democrats and aristocrats slaughtered each other in the streets of their burning city.

When the democrats eventually won, they went to the temple of Hera, where several hundred aristocrats had taken refuge, and persuaded about 50 to submit to trial. "They then condemned every one of them to death," reports Thucydides. "Seeing what was happening, most of the other suppliants killed each other in the temple; some hanged themselves on trees, and others found other means of committing suicide."

The massacre that followed went on for days. "Men were often killed on grounds of personal hatred, or else by debtors because of the money that they owed. People went to every extreme. Fathers killed sons; men were dragged from temples or butchered on the very altars; some were actually walled up in the temple of Dionysus and died there."

The nightmare on Corfu was repeated elsewhere, time after time, with—as Thucydides explained in a memorable passage that sums up the evils of revolution in every age—"new extravagances of zeal, elaborate methods of seizing power and unheard-of atrocities in reveuge. To fit in with the change of events, words, too, had to change their usual meanings. What was formerly a thoughtless act of aggression now became the courage expected of a party member. To think of the future and wait was to be a coward; ability to understand a question from all sides meant that one was totally unfitted for action. Fanatical enthusiasm was the mark of the real man.

"In struggles for ascendancy," Thucydides continues, "nothing was barred. Party leaders were always ready to satisfy the hatreds of the hour. As for the moderates, they were destroyed by both extreme parties. As a result there was a general deterioration of character throughout the Greek world. The simple way of looking at things, so much the mark of a noble nature, was regarded as a ridiculous quality and soon ceased to exist."

Athens was spared the horrors of revolution. But creeping cynicism, refined into a positive philosophy by the Sophists, infected the minds of the young. It reached its luxuriant bloom in Alcibiades, the most baffling and perhaps the most brilliant personality ancient Greece ever produced.

A former ward and kinsman of Pericles, Alcibiades hypnotized Athens with his physical beauty, his cleverness, charm and eloquence, and the extravagance of his personal life. But behind all the glamor was a burning ambition that would resort to any treachery to win absolute control over Athens.

Alcibiades' first act after his election as general in 420 B.C. was to disrupt a truce recently signed by Athens and Sparta. It was called the Peace of Nicias, after Athens' negotiator and most respected citizen, a rich, conservative landowner of irreproachable piety but limited intelligence. Alcibiades stirred up troubles in the Peloponnesus and soon the fighting resumed.

An incident in 416 B.C. showed how far the noble spirit of Athens had sunk since Marathon. At Alcibiades' suggestion the Athenians made an unprovoked attack on the inoffensive neutral island of Melos and summoned the islanders to surrender. Arguing desperately for freedom, the Melians at first asked the invaders what they hoped to gain by making new enemies. "It is not so much your hostility that injures us," the Athenians callously replied. "It is rather that, if we were friendly with you, our subjects would regard it as a sign of weakness, whereas your hatred is evidence of our power."

The Melians tried appealing to their enemy's sense of justice and their respect for the gods; the Athenians were unmoved: "As for the favor of the gods," they said, "our aims and actions are perfectly consistent with the beliefs men hold about them. The strong do what they have the power to do; the weak accept what they have to accept."

The Melians still refused to give

in, so the Athenians besieged their city, "and as there was also some treachery from inside," says Thucydides, "the Melians surrendered unconditionally to the Athenians, who put to death all the men of military age, and sold the women and children as slaves."

In 415 B.C., a year after the atrocity on Melos, the Athenians launched themselves on the most reckless adventure of the war. As if they did not already have their hands full fighting the Spartans, they opened the war on a new front—the island of Sicily, six long weeks away from Athens by sea.

The Greeks had settled the coasts of Sicily and Italy during the Eighth Century B.C., and since then this western branch of the Greek world had developed its own rich civilization. Their athletes competed in the Olympic Games. Their thinkers included the great Pythagoras and, later, Archimedes. Their teeming cities rivaled in splendor their mother cities to the east. Like the rest of Greece, the Sicilian cities had early taken sides in the Peloponnesian War, some with Athens, others with Sparta.

The Athenians had often tried to extend their influence in the Mediterranean. Now, in a burst of megalomania, they thought of sweeping up Sicily in the net of their empire. The first step would be to take Syracuse, Sicily's biggest, richest and strongest city, which was especially loyal to Sparta and its allies.

The war was eagerly promoted by Alcibiades, who dreamed of conquering all Italy and north Africa as well. The expedition against Syracuse became the chief topic of the town; in the palaestras, people clustered excitedly around maps of Sicily sketched in the sand. Few had any idea how big Sicily was or, adds Thucydides, "that they were taking on a war of almost the same magnitude as their war against the Peloponnesians."

When Nicias tried to point out the dangers, his fellow citizens gaily appointed him as one of the generals to lead the expedition, along with Alcibiades and a third officer.

Throwing all their energy behind the enterprise, the Athenians collected 134 triremes, numberless auxiliary vessels and some 30,000 fighting men. "Certainly," says Thucydides, "this expedition was the most costly and finest force that up to that time had ever come from a single city." When, at dawn on the appointed day, the army descended to Piraeus to embark, "almost the entire population of Athens went with them. They were full of hope and of lamentation at the same time, thinking of the conquests that might be made and thinking, too, of those whom they might never see again." With hymns and libations the great force put to sea.

But a sinister event marred the occasion. The city had awakened one morning shortly before the expedition sailed to find that many of its religious monuments had been mutilated by vandals. To the superstitious and high-strung Athenians the event seemed a calamitous portent. After the expedition started, Alcibiades' enemies were able to convince the people that Alcibiades, notorious for his profane ways, had committed the sacrilege. A ship was sent in pursuit to arrest him and bring him back. Alcibiades slipped away from his captors and soon turned up as a welcomed renegade in Sparta where he now worked as eagerly to ruin the expedition as he had labored to launch it.

In Sicily, instead of immediately attacking Syracuse, Nicias frittered away almost a year sailing up and down the coast. At last, in a spurt of decisiveness, he seized the heights overlooking the walled city and the harbor and began to seal off Syracuse from the rest of the island with a wall (*map next page*). Almost surrounded on the land and blockaded by the Athenian fleet on the sea, the Syracusans had begun to discuss surrender when a Spartan officer, sent at Alcibiades' suggestion, arrived with a small force to help them.

The Spartans promptly led the Syracusans into battle and drove

the Athenians headlong behind their fortifications. Seizing the rocks which their enemies had gathered for building their wall, the Syracusans built a wall of their own which cut squarely across the path of the unfinished Athenian rampart. By this move the Syracusans prevented the Athenians from carrying their own wall down to the sea, and thereby saved their city from siege.

Nicias, now sole commander, poured out his fears in a letter to the Athenian assembly. "We, who thought we were the besiegers," he wrote, "have become in fact the besieged. Our ships have been at sea so long that the timbers have rotted. . . . Our crews have deteriorated. . . . Our slaves are beginning to desert. . . . The foreigners in our service are slipping away. . . . The time has come for you to decide either to recall us, or send out another force as big as the first, and someone to relieve me, as a disease of the kidneys has made me unfit for command."

Athens responded by sending a second armada to Syracuse under the command of Demosthenes (no kin to the great orator who lived a century later).

Staking everything on a single battle, Demosthenes led his fresh forces in a night attack on the Syracusan cross wall. But in the darkness his Athenians panicked at the Syracusan counterattack and were driven back with heavy losses. After much wrangling the Athenians decided to give up the invasion and got ready to sail home.

At this crucial moment an event occurred that seemed like the tragic intervention of destiny. "There was an eclipse of the moon, which was at the full," writes Thucydides, "and Nicias, who was rather overinclined to divination, said that until they had waited for twenty-seven full days, as recommended by the soothsayers, he would not even join any further discussion on how the move might be made." The Athenians stayed on, and in the fateful conjunction of

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Gazing up at an eclipse, while two seers wait nearby, Nicias ponders the decision that sealed the fate of the Athenian army in Sicily.

the heavenly bodies and one man's superstition, the whole expedition passively awaited its approaching doom.

The Syracusans, seeing their enemies about to flee, manned their triremes, rowed them headlong against the enemy's ships and literally drove the whole Athenian fleet onto the beach. The Syracusans now hoped to trap the entire Athenian force. If they could do it, they realized, it would make them famous throughout Greece. "They therefore started at once to block up the mouth of the great harbor with a line of triremes broadside on and merchant ships and other craft at anchor."

The Athenians made a final desperate attempt to escape the trap.

They decided to leave the sick ashore and "use the rest of the army for manning every single ship, seaworthy or not, and fight it out."

Nicias made a moving appeal to his soldiers. Half distraught and "thinking, as men do think in moments of great crisis, that when everything has been said there is still something left unsaid, Nicias summoned all the captains and entreated them, man by man, not to betray their reputation or deface the great deeds of their forebears; and he said other things, too, appeals to wives, children and gods, such as men cry out aloud, believing in the terror of the moment that they will help." The Athenians bravely rowed out and hurled themselves at the barrier. "The Syracusans bore down on them from all sides," says Thucydides, "and soon the fighting was all over the harbor. Great was the stress and conflict of soul among the armies on the shore." Some Athenians, seeing their side winning at one point, shouted prayers to the gods. Others, seeing their men defeated at another point, cried out in despair. Still others watched where the battle hung in the balance, "and as the fight went on, their bodies, swaying this way and that, showed their trepidation; wretched indeed was their state, constantly on the verge of safety, constantly on the brink of destruction.

"At last the Syracusans broke the Athenian resistance. The whole fleet ran on shore; the men fled from their ships to the camp." The Athenians now had no choice but to try to escape somehow by land. It was a bitter leavetaking. The dead were left unburied; the sick and wounded were abandoned to the enemy's mercy. "Their prayers," wrote Thucydides, "made the rest seem impotent and helpless, as they begged to be taken along and cried out to every single friend they could see. They hung about the necks of those who had shared tents with them, and followed after them until their bodily strength failed them."

The stricken Athenian host crawled off through the mountains. The pursuing Syracusans first surrounded and captured the detachment led by Demosthenes. Then they caught up with Nicias at a river. There, says Thucydides, "all Athenian discipline was at an end. Syracusan troops hurled down their weapons from above on the Athenians, most of whom were greedily drinking, and the Peloponnesians came down and slaughtered them. The water became foul, but they went on drinking it, all muddy and stained with blood."

Nicias surrendered and was put to death along with Demosthenes. Seven thousand captured Athenians and allies were imprisoned in the stone quarries of Syracuse. There for eight months they suffered blistering sun by day and frost by night. In the narrow space the bodies of the dead, all heaped together, made the smell insupportable. Hundreds died of disease and exposure. The survivors were sold into slavery.

Thus ended what Thucydides calls "the greatest action in Greek history—to the victors the most brilliant of successes, to the vanquished the most calamitous of defeats; for they were utterly and entirely defeated; their sufferings were on an enormous scale; their losses were total; army, navy—everything was destroyed, and out of many only few returned."

Never did the citizens of Athens show themselves so tough and resilient as now, when the bleak news came from Sicily. Though a Spartan army was now impregnably dug in, in Attica, thanks to the treasonous advice of Alcibiades; though 20,000 slaves had run away; though the silver mines at Laurion, Athens' chief source of revenue, were in Spartan hands; though their whole empire was rising in revolt; and though Athens itself was finally shaken by a revolution which for a short while toppled democracy, the Athenians did not give up. They stripped the gold plating from their statues, melted down their vessels of precious metal, built and manned a fresh fleet and fought on for nine more years.

Their successes were largely the work of Alcibiades who now, amazingly, was back fighting for Athens again. This extraordinary man, for all his treachery, still was strangely fascinating to the Athenians. "They long for him, they hate him; they cannot do without him," ran a jingle by Aristophanes. When Alcibiades outraged the Spartans by seducing the Spartan king's wife, the Athenians, in 407 B.C. welcomed him back with kisses and garlands and a golden crown, and reappointed him as their general. Once again Alcibiades threw all his energy and genius into saving Athens. In a rapid series of victories Alcibiades put Athens back on its feet, and he even at one point had the Spartans suing for peace.

But the moment things looked brighter, the old jealousy and suspicion returned. In disgrace with the fickle Athenians after the fleet lost a minor engagement (at which he was not even present), Alcibiades left the city once again for his private castle by the shore of the Hellespont.

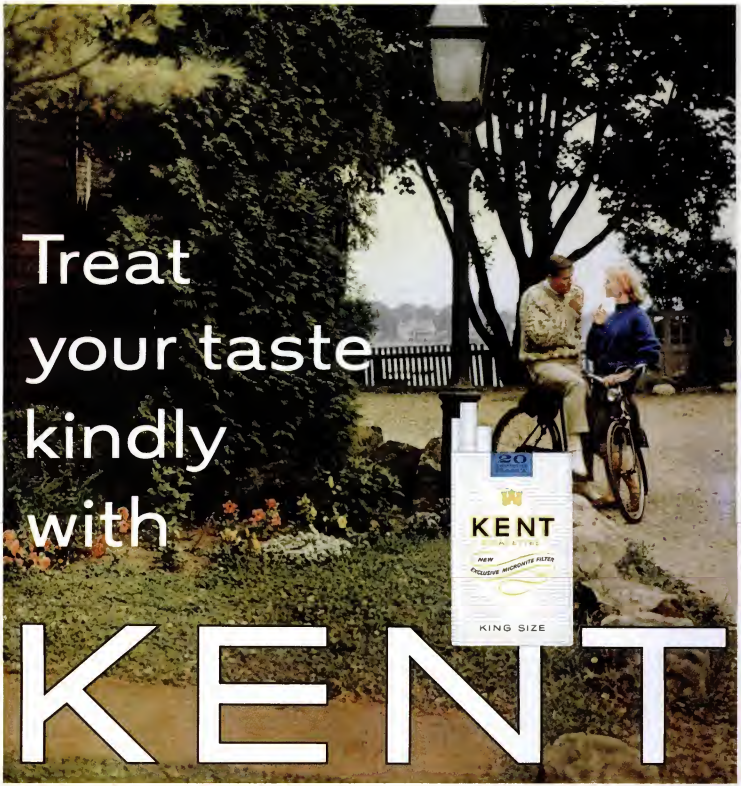
By now Athens had used up its last reserves; almost every battle brought another crisis of survival. The Spartans had stooped to enlist the help of their old enemies, the Persians, against fellow Greeks. In a treaty they shamelessly promised to restore to Persian slavery the same Ionian cities they had fought to free some 70 years before.

Now the Spartans built a fleet big enough to challenge Athens in its own element and the end came suddenly in the Hellespont. There Spartan galleys caught the Athenians napping. By chance the battle took place beneath the hill on which Alcibiades had built his castle. From his height, Alcibiades saw the disarray of the Athenian fleet and, in a final effort to help his beloved city, galloped down to the beach to warn the admirals. But, perhaps suspecting further treachery, they paid no attention. The Spartans came up and utterly destroyed the fleet. Athens at last surrendered.

Some of Sparta's allies wanted Athens razed. But the Spartans, remembering Athens' past services against Persia, spared the city. They insisted only that the empire be dissolved and that the Long Walls be demolished.

One fine April morning in 404 B.C. the whole population of Athens gathered from temple, palaestra and market place and flocked down the road leading to the Piraeus. There, to the music of flute players and under the stern eye of Spartan guards *(right)*, victors and vanquished side by side tore down the walls that had made Athens so long an unconquerable island.

END OF THE LONG WALLS—AND GLORY



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Nearly three years ago, Edie and Ernie were all smiles over their baby daughter, Mia. Also living with them in these halcyon days were Mia's half sisters, Ernie's children by his first marriage. Now, though Ernie has died, his daughters still live with Edie. Below, they cluster in a family group: Betty, 15, Kippie, 13, Mia, now 3, and Edie.

After Ernie's Death Left Her Sad and Broke

Edie Wins a Big One

by PETER BUNZEL

With their year-old daughter, Mia (*above*), Ernie and Edie Kovacs looked like the happiest couple in Hollywood. And they just about were back in 1960. Ernie's career as one of the nation's most inventive comedians was in high gear. His wife, Edie Adams, though she had showed promise in Broadway musicals, now contentedly played second fiddle to Ernie in his nightclub and TV shows. She was even thinking of retiring altogether and staying home with the children.

Then, on a rain-swept Santa Monica Boulevard, Ernie plowed his station wagon into a telephone pole and was killed instantly. Edie, at 32, was left with three girls to bring up (*below*)—and whopping debts of half a million dollars.

Abruptly Edie was pushed out of the dream world in which she had lived and which Ernie totally dominated. "His death shook me awake," says Edie, "and the truth hit me in the face with a smack. Suddenly I found out that there is a whole world out there which deals only in numbers."

Edie concentrated on the numbers as she began a long, hard climb

CONTINUED

Snuggled in Ernie's favorite chair, Edie conjures up Marilyn Monroe. Although she has given up impersonating Marilyn, she still has her tousled hairdo, wispy voice and even her brooding insecurity.

EDIE CONTINUED

back from despair and near-bankruptcy. The climb called for uncommon courage, which Edie always had. It also called for more talent than Edie had ever shown. She never really liked to perform. Facing any audience had always scared her. "One way I licked it," she explains, "was to do a lot of impersonations. Pretending to be someone else gave me a screen to hide behind."

Her best number had been a devastating take-off on Marilyn Monroe, to whom she bears an uncanny likeness (*above*). But, in Ernie's acts, she had never developed her other gifts. She had a trained singing voice but no real style. Her dancing was barely passable. She got many more laughs as Marilyn than as herself. "Poor Ernie," she says. "He used to give me the devil for hating to rehearse."

At home as on the stage, Ernie was boss. A cigar clamped in his teeth, he lived at a pell-mell pace, and Edie tried desperately to keep up with him. Even this took guts—for a girl of Edie's strict Presbyterian upbringing. Ernie was fabled as a spender and gambler. He owned a 17-room mansion in Beverly Hills, four fancy automobiles and a swimming club in Palm Springs. Whenever Edie asked about money, Ernie would tell her, "Don't you worry, sweetheart. We have it somewhere."

But he didn't. His estate listed assets of $100,000 and debts totaling $620,000. To collect back taxes the U.S. government slapped a lien on his house, the cars, the swimming club.

Ernie's mother publicly voted no confidence in Edie by suing for guardianship of the estate of his two daughters by his first marriage, who had lived with Ernie and Edie. Ernie's first wife also sued for their custody. But the girls testified that they preferred staying where they were and the court said they could.

Meanwhile Edie grimly went after work. "I did it," she recalls, "without any shred of ego. Guys

CONTINUED ON PAGE 100A

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Though she now soft-pedals impersonations, Edie keeps a few in her nightclub act. Among the best are Liz Taylor, Shirley Temple, Ethel Merman.

EDIE CONTINUED

would ask, 'How about the dressing room?' and I'd say, 'I don't give a damn. I'll change in the john. How much will you pay?' "

Instead of relying mainly on impersonations, she emphasized her singing and dancing. She learned to mix torch songs and gay songs. She wiggled a mean *bossa nova*. Above all, Edie learned to get on a stage and be herself.

That is the main talent which, in the years with Ernie, had never come out. There are many better singers, dancers and comediennes than Edie. But few convey such genuine warmth and intimacy. When Edie is on, everybody in the audience begins to feel she is performing just for him. "Even I began to enjoy it," confesses Edie, "—sometimes."

Last year Edie earned $150,000 from TV shows, nightclub dates and movie roles. This summer she plans to return to the Riviere Hotel in Las Vegas at $25,000 a week, a raise of $10,000 over her February fee. Her series of 10 TV shows this year has been upped to 19 next season. Her future now looks so good that the government has lifted its liens on her property and she expects to be all paid up by next year. And now Edie is on the verge of becoming a full-fledged movie star.

Edie was performing in Las Vegas when Producer Frederick Brisson asked her to try for the costarring role with Jack Lemmon in *Under the Yum Yum Tree*. Edie took six hours off to fly to Hollywood.

"I'm a nervous wreck," she gasped when she arrived. She started weakly, flubbed her lines, went through 13 takes. "I blew it," she told Producer Brisson, near tears.

"You were great," he said.

"Was I?" she asked, hope coming into her face. "When will I know if I got it?"

Brisson gave what sounded like a typical Hollywood brush-off: "We'll give you a call in a couple of days."

But he really did call and Edie got the role at $35,000. The next week Paramount picked her to costar with Natalie Wood in *Love with a Proper Stranger*.

"I don't care about *being* a star," Edie says. "All I really care about is the money." Then her face falls and she wonders out loud: "Going in front of all those people—all those lights. Why can't it be someone else out there?"

Waring a blouse made from one of Ernie's sweatshirts, Edie twists with Ty Whitney into wee hours at a party marking her Las Vegas closing.

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*maidenform concertina girdle

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100B

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

CORRUPTION UNCORKED IN NEW YORK

ROCKEFELLER'S REFORM COMMITTEE

Leaving Hogan to investigate the criminal aspects, Governor Rockefeller went after the basic problem: the archaic liquor laws which invite corruption. Invoking New York's Moreland Act, Rockefeller commissioned Dean of Columbia Law School William Warren, Judge Lawrence Walsh and Attorney Manly Fleishman to study the laws, recommend changes.

SCANDAL CONTINUED

nevertheless, to suspect that something of an unusual nature was accomplished by someone before the Playboy Club's license so miraculously materialized. Another highly respected New York source—a man in an important government position—statesunequivocallythat if Martin Epstein would testify, he could clear up the source of a $60,000 payoff that came to New York from Chicago. Hogan's investigators were interested enough to go to Chicago and there attach the body of one Ralph Berger for questioning. Berger, at one point, was noted strolling the corridor outside a Chicago courtroom and dropping bits of paper on the floor. The bits were retrieved by detectives and, when pieced together, bore the name of Martin Epstein as well as those of liquor officials in other states.

A few days ago famed Manhattan criminal lawyer, Sol Gelb, who has been retained by Judson Morhouse, was asked whether his client was "in any way connected" with the Playboy Club license. Gelb thought for a moment and then replied: "No." He added, "Judson Morhouse has never been involved in any impropriety." He was then reminded of the part Bernard Newman played in the restoration of the Gaslight Club's license and was asked, "Was Morhouse engaged in a similar fashion to assist the Playboy Club?"

Gelb leaned back and meditated. Then he leaned forward and said, "All right, I'll explain it to you. Mr. Morhouse is an attorney. You know that. Mr. Morhouse was engaged by Mr. Hefner's publishing firm in Chicago to represent the publishing firm in certain legal matters. He received a $10,000 retainer."

And what did he do to get this $10,000?

"Various things," said Gelb. "I don't know them all. Of course, it goes without saying that if he could put in a good word for them here and there in regard to their liquor license . . ." His voice trailed off and he refused to elaborate further.

He was then asked: "Did Morhouse receive any additional attorney's fees?"

"No," said Gelb. "But he did receive an $8,000 fee for public relations for the publishing company. Morhouse has a New York public relations firm called Lyman Associates."

Why would a Chicago firm feel it necessary to hire Morhouse, a New York lawyer?

Said Gelb: "He's a good lawyer, I guess."

It seems a good liquor lawyer nowadays is not hard to find, particularly if one starts to look among the legislators in Albany. If they have not been involved in such publicity-catching cases as the Gaslight-Playboy brouhahas, they are able nonetheless to augment their incomes by walking a tightrope between public responsibility and private enterprise.

Consider Joseph Carlino, speaker of the state assembly and one of the most powerful men in the state

CONTINUED

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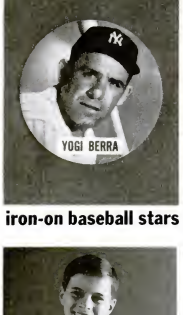

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'I refused to pay $3,500 so they were going to destroy me'

SCANDAL CONTINUED

capital. His Long Island law firm, Carlino and Friedman, represents a "moderate" number of clients in the liquor business. "I have a general law practice," explains Speaker Carlino, "and it includes a moderate amount of S.L.A. work. I handle licenses for beach clubs, hotels, summer restaurants and the like in my area."

Carlino says he sees "absolutely no conflict of interest" in the speaker of the assembly practicing before a state agency. "It's not," he says, "against the law."

The stubbornness of a tough, handsome Italian named Ralph Pansini played a big part in the difficulties of Morhouse and Martin Epstein, the suicide of Inspector Ernest Moss and the indictment of Inspector Maurice Bernstein, and the embarrassments of so many others. Pansini is the proprietor of a cheap West Side bar called the Candlelight Lounge. One day in 1961 S.L.A. Inspectors Moss and Bernstein called on him, seized his books and told him, he says, "that they were going to destroy me." He explains: "I refused to pay off $3,500 to get my license in the first place, so now they were out to ruin me."

Pansini did not respond to this bald announcement of shakedown without a great deal of thought. He is not of the cloth from which do-gooders are cut, and a man does not run a bar in New York for long without becoming a realist. Good sense instructed him to pay off, but he is a man with a fierce sense of personal dignity and an instinct for vendetta. He went to the district attorney instead. Hogan listened and asked the bar owner if he would be willing to offer himself up as bait to catch wrongdoers in the S.L.A. "I don't want you to stop with two inspectors," Pansini answered. "You go after the big boys, the politicians, the crooked lawyers, and I'll help you."

Hogan said okay. Pansini went back to his bar and waited for Moss and Bernstein, who obliged him by sauntering in soon after and demanding $1,000 to "keep the heat off" his establishment. Pansini promised to consider their offer. He went back to the D.A.'s office, where he was outfitted with a miniature tape recorder, which is worn in a shoulder holster. Thus equipped, he let Moss and Bernstein know he was prepared to pay off. He would, he said, make an initial payment of $300 and follow this with succeeding payments of $100 if his bar business allowed the expenditures. One of these payments was made in a parked automobile in front of the S.L.A. building in full view of a motion picture camera. Two others were actually made inside the building. In all, the little tape recorder captured 10 different conversations.

When Hogan felt he had the two inspectors netted, sealed and salted down, he began using Pansini as bait for larger fish. For a year the bar owner was a walking electronic listening device. He refuses to discuss this important phase of his work for the D.A., although he says with satisfaction that he acted as a front in deals with the "big boys" and feels his work will provide a good deal of grist for the grand jury.

After Pansini had scouted the first of the wandering trails which led toward the S.L.A. offices in Manhattan, Hogan subjected Martin Epstein to quiet but all-embracing surveillance. His investigators checked Epstein's visitors, his way of life, his trips, his friends. In November last year the S.L.A. chairman was subpoenaed to appear before the grand jury.

CONTINUED

CHICAGO IMPORT. Ralph Berger, brought from Chicago to New York by the district attorney, tore up card with Epstein's name on it while in court hallway.

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Mahoney's roar: The Kennedys are trying to smear Rocky

SCANDAL CONTINUED

Epstein's reluctant appearance was conducted amid an atmosphere reminiscent of bargain day at Macy's and the funeral of an Egyptian pharaoh. Epstein, who is 70, is a sick man. He has heart trouble, a case of diabetes, and a circulatory ailment which dictated the amputation of his left leg seven months ago. On the day of the hearing, he arrived in a maroon ambulance, was lifted forth on a rolling stretcher and pushed through a crowd of clamoring reporters. He was wrapped like a mummy in blankets and he kept his eyes and his mouth tightly shut despite questions shouted by the press. But none of this drama served him the slightest purpose. Inside he was asked if he would waive immunity. He answered that he would not. He was through.

Since his refusal to talk—and thereupon being fired by Rockefeller—Epstein has hied himself to Florida to take the sun and shelter in a more comfortable jurisdiction. His wife, Roslyn, is resisting District Attorney Hogan's efforts to return her to New York for questioning about her bank accounts and $27,000 worth of jewels she bought last fall. Also, according to Hogan's chief assistant, Alfred J. Scotti, Mrs. Epstein's brother-in-law, Maxwell Lewis, has recently admitted getting $45,000 from her for investment.

Since the firing of Epstein, Hogan and his investigators and the grand jury have toiled with increasing fervor to penetrate the labyrinthine system of corruption which came into being during Epstein's regime. Hogan, who has served as D.A. in Manhattan for 20 years and has a reputation for square dealing rare in politics, is a hard man to attack. The investigation has not proceeded, however, without stirring up a bitter outcry in certain quarters.

Majority Leader Mahoney—he who is credited with bringing off the remarkable transfer of Barney Medwin's Rochester liquor store —rose in the state senate late last winter and roared that the Kennedys were doing their best to smear Governor Rockefeller.

Such protest, like the bland and convoluted self-justification of so many lawyers, pales a bit when ranged beside some of the tales which have been dredged up during recent months from victims of the big liquor squeeze in New York. There is, for instance, the story of a Puerto Rican who was steadily victimized by carnivores of the big city jungle during Epstein's time in office. Though LIFE's team of reporters was first to uncover his case, he must not be identified here by his real name. For now, let him be called Chico.

With a partner, Chico opened a little upper-Broadway night spot shortly after World War II. It prospered. A few years ago he decided to branch out and with another partner bought a second joint in the same neighborhood, sank $40,000 into refurbishing it and reopened with a flourish.

The new venture was visited almost immediately by trouble—the kind of maddening but unforeseeable trouble every nightclub proprietor must hope to avoid but always expects. A rowdy gang of customers began quarreling at the edge of the dance floor. Chico and his waiters got them out into the street, but there one of the men stabbed another. The victim staggered off into the night, collapsed and died. The police descended. A police officer from the neighborhood precinct took Chico into a corner, eyed him grimly, and said:

"You're in trouble, Chico."

"Why?" asked Chico.

"A killing took place outside your bar. The S.L.A. will have to know about it. Maybe you were serving drunks. You could lose your license."

"It wasn't our fault," said Chico. "We told them to leave."

"But you can lose your license. You'll have to pay off."

"What do you mean, pay off? How much?"

"I'll need $1,300 for me and the other officers. We'll keep the heat off at the S.L.A."

"No dice. I don't do business that way."

The cop shrugged. At a police hearing a few weeks later, Chico listened in horror as it was testified that the killing had occurred inside the bar, not outside on the sidewalk. The city canceled Chico's cabaret license. The S.L.A. revoked his liquor license. The short, unhappy business enterprise was over. And as it ended it put Chico's liquor license at his original bar in jeopardy too: by S.L.A. rule an operator who is unfrocked at one location is automatically subject to loss of license at other places he may be running.

Chico, by now, could only think of retreat. He decided to sell his interest in the first bar to his original partner. But obviously no sale could be consummated unless its license could be salvaged. Chico

CONTINUED

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'My lawyer had six envelopes, each one filled with cash'

SCANDAL CONTINUED

went to a state legislator whom he had consulted on legal matters before and asked for help and guidance. The legislator's reply, delivered a few days later, shook him:

"I don't think I can save your license. But if I can, it's going to cost a lot of money."

"How much?"

"Give me a few days to find out," said the legislator. Four days later he had the answer: $10,000.

"I've got no money," wailed Chico. "I can't raise that much." But he had to raise it and he did. The club had $2,000 in cash. His partner borrowed $5,000 from a man who owned a string of motion picture houses. A friend of the legislator granted a $2,000 loan. Chico's partner kicked in the final $1,000 himself.

Chico, his partner and the legislator then made a ceremonial visit to S.L.A.'s Manhattan headquarters. As Chico tells it: "We took the elevator to the second floor. My lawyer [the legislator] had six envelopes in his pocket. Each one was filled with cash, all different sums. He took one of them out, slipped it into some papers and dropped it on a man's desk. The man knew what we were doing but he didn't acknowledge the envelope. We saw another clerk on the same floor. We went to the fourth floor and gave a man there an envelope. I think he is important. He maybe got $1,000. After that we went to the 19th floor and saw a tall, skinny fellow and gave him his envelope. Then we saw the fellow who later jumped under the train [Inspector Moss] and we gave him his envelope. Then we went to the 20th floor and saw the big man, Epstein himself.

"He was expecting us. He leaned back in his big chair and talked to us. 'How's business?' he asked. About five minutes after we got there, we got up and shook hands all around. My lawyer took out an envelope and walked up to the big man's desk. Epstein had a little filing cabinet on the desk—on the right-hand side. My lawyer slipped the envelope with $5,000 cash inside under the filing cabinet. That's the way you were supposed to do it. Then we left. In two weeks my lawyer called and said, 'The license has come through.' "

Chico got out of the nightclub business as fast as he could.

The average bar operator, of course, cannot afford to go out of business. He must decide, in many cases, whether to consent to shakedowns or to risk appealing to the law. The experiences of Saverio Turiello strongly suggest that he will be damned if he does and damned if he doesn't.

Turiello is a barrel-shaped, bull-necked man, who, 30 years and 30 pounds ago, was welterweight champion of Europe. In 1957, with funds advanced by a list of wealthy well-wishers, he opened Savy's Picolo Club, a plushy, dim-lit East Side supper club. Since then he has had nothing but trouble with the cops and the S.L.A.

"I've had 150 violations, been closed about 10 times—from 10 days to four months—but at the same time I've never been convicted of a crime," he says. Turiello is from Milan. He speaks with a heavy accent and crosses himself to attest to sincerity. "It's cost me $26,000 in lawyers' fees alone," he cries. "And lost business? Whew! It's the cops as well as the S.L.A. I think they work together. Those guys would sell their souls to Russia for $200."

Turiello confesses that he has alternated between paying and refusing to pay bribes. He refused when he first opened. "They sent a prostitute into the bar as a plant and had me closed down by the S.L.A. for 17 days. After that a cop came around and said: 'Savy, I'm sorry I had to do it. I'm your

CONTINUED

EPSTEIN INVESTOR. Maxwell Lewis, Mrs. Epstein's brother-in-law, was questioned by grand jury about $45,000 he helped Mrs. Epstein invest in Canada.

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'I want Hogan to root out every area of corruption'—Rockefeller

SCANDAL CONTINUED

friend. I want to go light with you. Be nice about this. How about a C note?"

Turiello paid. He kept paying. But in 1959, he says, he reflected self-critically upon this course and decided to fight. He swears he will never knuckle under again. "Never. I'd sooner walk without shoes. I was 18 years old before I had chicken. Not even steak—chicken. I can do it again."

His course has not been easy. He contends, in fact, that it was being framed again that decided him on the course of honesty and valor—this time when two girls were waved inside by a vice cop at the bar, and he was closed for a month. Thereafter a police lieutenant, Francis Crotty, called and said, "Look. They're knocking your brains out. How about fixing it up?"

Turiello agreed but then went to the police commissioner, who equipped him with a tape recorder and $300 in marked bills. As he passed the money to the lieutenant in the kitchen of the club, officers of the confidential squad leaped out of hiding. At the sight of them Crotty began yanking money from his pockets and dropping it all over the floor. He was arrested and his trial resulted in a hung jury, but he faced a departmental trial and was banished from the force.

Turiello's troubles were not over, however. Last winter he was arrested for "making advances" to a policewoman who happened to be sitting at his bar. He was tried and acquitted. Next day, however, the S.L.A. canceled his license. He has been shut up tight ever since.

Governor Rockefeller, in the face of this recital, has suggested through state lawyer Howard Jones that Turiello refile his petition for a license. The governor has, further, urged other liquor dealers to tell him of blackmail attempts and has guaranteed to those who talk protection against "economic reprisals." So far he has received 26 letters containing "bribery allegations" and has passed them on to District Attorney Hogan. "From every possible angle," Rockefeller says, "I have tried to cooperate with him. I have stepped on crime wherever I found it. Hogan has asked me to keep out of his investigation and I have, but I want to see him root out every possible area of corruption."

In his effort to clean up the abuses now being aired, the governor has rushed in an ex-FBI man, Donald Hostetter, to serve as Epstein's successor as chairman of the S.L.A. He has also appointed a commission with broad powers to review the state's liquor laws and their administration. "The S.L.A.'s basic weakness," Rockefeller says, "is that it has too much personal power. Individuals can make decisions based on their own beliefs."

It is doubtful, however, that his after-the-fact barn-locking can extricate Nelson Rockefeller from many political consequences of the scandal. His political foes are sure to bear down hard on two irrefutable facts: 1) the governor must bear full and final responsibility for the dismal appointment of Martin Epstein, and 2) the S.L.A.

CONTINUED

CLOSED-UP CLUB. Saverio Turiello (*below*) gestures philosophically from the bar of his Piccolo Club, which the Liquor Authority closed six months ago.

What's the safest thing on 4 wheels?

Nylon cord tires.

There's no telling when you'll need them most. Maybe it's when you're barreling down the turnpike. (Heat build-up in a tire at high speeds is a leading cause of tire failure!) Or it could be the next time your tire slams into a chuckhole. Or when your tire sidewall hits a curb.

To take all this, tires need an extra strong cord body. And they get it in nylon cord tires. Nylon is the strongest fiber ever used in tire cord. And the toughest. And the most durable. And the most heat-resistant. That's why your safest tire, grade for grade, is made with nylon cord.

It's a good idea to check your tires whenever you have a chance. Look them over. If they're damaged or worn, replace them with new tires. Nylon cord tires. Just to be safe.

Nothing but nylon makes you feel so safe.

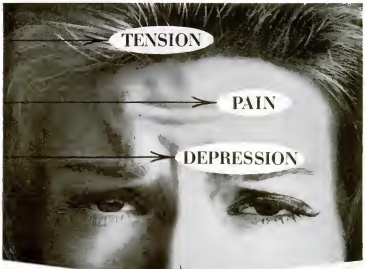
NYLON™ CHEMSTRAND

Chemstrand, New York 1, a Division of Monsanto Chemical Company, makes Chemstrand® nylon. America's tire manufacturers do the rest.

IN 2 SECONDS

after entering the bloodstream **Anacin**® is speeding relief to your

Nervous Tense Headache



Not only relieves pain but ALSO its tension and depression

Contains the pain-reliever most recommended by doctors

Nervous tension headaches are by far the most common kind. And of the 3 leading pain relievers, *only* strong yet safe Anacin has this special combination of ingredients. Anacin relieves pain fast, also its tension, irritability and depressed feelings.

Anacin works fast! In 22 seconds after entering the bloodstream, Anacin is speeding relief to your pain—bringing you remarkable "all-over" relief.

Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is a *combination* of ingredients. The reason Anacin Tablets are so effective is because they contain the pain reliever most recommended by doctors plus an extra, active ingredient not found in leading aspirin or buffered aspirin tablets. And Anacin has a smooth, gentle action.

Next time when a headache makes you tense, irritable and depressed—take Anacin for fast, all-over relief. The big difference in Anacin makes the big difference in the way you feel!

Largest selling **PAIN RELIEVER**

'They leave you alone this year, next year they come after you'

SCANDAL CONTINUED

conditions disclosed by Hogan more than two years after Epstein's appointment are, as is true of conditions in any state agency, the governor's ultimate responsibility.

"I believe," Rockefeller says, "in the patronage system." Like many another public official, he *has* to believe in the patronage system—or, at least, he must pay lip service to it if he wants election. But patronage that leads to a Martin Epstein and an S.L.A. scandal is patronage out of control.

In all the history of man it has been a simple truth that corruption ends when action by an aroused citizenry begins. It is, therefore, at least encouraging to consider that in New York a few—a very few—restaurant owners did not wait for the governor to act, nor for the district attorney to act, but were brave enough or rash enough or angry enough to defend their rights as citizens by themselves. Joe Brody, Czech-born proprietor of the Albert French Restaurant in Greenwich Village, is one of them.

When an S.L.A. investigator put the arm on him for a $500 bribe, Brody threw him bodily out the front door and into the street. He went further. Not too long ago he picketed the S.L.A. headquarters wearing a sandwich board which carried this legend: THE S.L.A. IS CROOKED AND CORRUPT. ARE YOU CROOKED AND CORRUPT? THE S.L.A. HAS A JOB FOR YOU! Brody estimates that his stubbornness has cost him $14,000 in attorneys' fees. "It is worth it," he says. "I had rather spend my entire life savings than pay one penny as a bribe. This is America. It shouldn't happen here."

But thousands of his colleagues advance a different view. "I know plenty about payoffs," says a midtown bar operator. "I've paid for myself and for my friends in the business. But if you deal with Hogan, you're marked. They may leave you alone this year, but next year or the year after the S.L.A. will start stinking again, and they'll come after you."

PUBLIC PROTEST. Joseph Brody, who owns Greenwich Village cafe, was so angered at demands for bribes that he picketed S.L.A. with these sandwich-board signs.

We dare you to run these panties!

(even with a playful kitten)

How dare we?

Because we've found a new way to knit Spun-lo panties that make them runproof! Fingernail proof! Toenail proof! Zipper proof! Proof against anything under the sun, even a playful kitten. And that isn't all!

These new Runproof Spun-lo panties are the most comfortable panties you've ever worn. Luxuriously soft. So absorbent. And they're "knit with the fit where you sit."®

So for comfort and no runs, ever, the panties to ask for are new Runproof Spun-lo.

RUNPROOF® Spun-lo FABRIC

ALL CELANESE ACETATE

Spun-lo Elderlon, Inc., 500 Fifth Avenue, New York 36, N.Y.

The Wall Street district during the market collapse of 1929. New England Life was then in its 95th year.

If you were born in 1929

The cash value in a New England Life policy can really build up for you. And so can the policy's benefits.

Is it really all of 34 years since The Crash? In 1929, the year you were born, the unique advantages of cash-value life insurance were forcefully brought home to millions of Americans.

In recent months we have again been reminded that there is only one sure way to give your family financial protection while you're setting money aside for education, for emergencies, or for your own retirement. And, the way cash values build up in a New England Life policy, you can end up taking several thousand dollars more out than you put in, even if you choose to use your dividends to purchase additional protection automatically.

Suppose you add $15,000 to your financial security today with a New England Life policy. Then assume you let your dividends increase this amount through the years. (For illustration, we'll apply our current dividend scale, although these scales do change from time to time.) The cash value of your policy at age 65 is $14,073. But your premium payments total only $10,621. This means that all the dollars you put in and *$3,452 more* can be yours to use at retirement. Meantime, through using dividends to buy additional protection, the policy's value to your beneficiary has risen from $15,000 to $21,915.

Whether you were born in 1929 or not, tell us to mail you our booklet, "The Three Dimensions of Life Insurance." It will give you additional facts and figures. Write to New England Life, Department L2, 501 Boylston Street, Boston 17, Mass.

NEW ENGLAND LIFE

NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY: INDIVIDUAL AND GROUP LIFE INSURANCE, ANNUITIES AND PENSIONS, GROUP HEALTH COVERAGES.

If your answer is yes to these questions . . .

Do you enjoy being with hens?

When taking a walk, do you sometimes catch yourself flying?

When your chin itches, and you wish to scratch, do wattles get in the way?

Are you all feathers?

When you have something important to say, and you are bursting to say it, will only the words "cluck, cluck" come out?

. . . YOU TOO *can lay an egg*

Although he is a city boy who never kept chickens, Artist Bernard Waber has always thought them exotic—"they're quick and insolent and strutty," he says, "and make nice patterns in groups." Waber never kept crocodiles either but his lovable green croc Lyle made *The House on East 88th St.* (LIFE, June 29, 1962) a juvenile best-seller. Fascinated both by hens and "how-to" books, Waber has turned out *How to Go about Laying an Egg* (Houghton Mifflin), a pre-Easter manual for chickens, kids and informed adults that has strutted its way insolently into a second printing even before publication.

CONTINUED

With this one case you can:

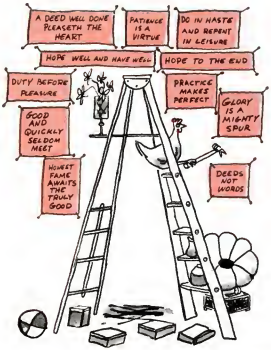
Start the car, buy gas, have the oil changed, get a grease job and a car wash, lock up the house and drive to Alaska.

Because, for the first time, you can keep a gas credit card plus 12 keys in one convenient place . . . in this handsome new Key-Tainer® Plus by **BUXTON.**

THE "KEY-TAINER PLUS" (WITH SELF-CENTERING SNAP) COMES IN OTHER LEATHERS AND COLORS. $2.95 TO $3.95. ALL PRICES PLUS TAX. © BUXTON, INC., SPRINGFIELD, MASS., BUXTON CANADA LTD., TORONTO 9

Ground rules for nesting

After you've made sure you're a hen you must find a comfortable nest and furnish it with books and puzzles to while the time away and mottoes to guide you to your goal.



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NEW HOMOGENIZED SPRED SATIN

NOW: THE EASIEST WALL PAINT TO USE...AND IT WASHES LIKE ENAMEL

NEW! EASIEST WALL PAINT TO USE. Homogenized SPRED SATIN clings to brush or roller till you flow it on. Dries in 20 minutes. No painty odor. No lap marks. No brush marks. No trouble!

NEW! IT WEARS LIKE ENAMEL, WASHES EVEN BETTER. New acrylic latex gives SPRED SATIN a smooth, tough surface. Wash a wall, scrub a stain...no fading, no shiny spots, no harm.

NEW! CREAMY SMOOTH—NO TEDIOUS STIRRING. Your dealer won't even have to shake ready-mixed colors. Just a few quick stirs, and NEW SPRED SATIN is ready to use right from the can. It's homogenized!

NEW! USE ON WALLS AND WOODWORK—ANY PLACE, ANY ROOM. NEW SPRED SATIN goes every place. Now you can have the same satin sheen in any room—even in kitchen or bath... same paint... same easy action!

NEW! MOST COLORS COVER IN ONE COAT. You can touch-up missed spots... perfect blending! NEW SPRED SATIN flows on faster, easier. Clean brush or roller quickly with soap and water, and you're finished.

NEW! GREASE OR "STEAM" CAN'T HARM THE FINISH. NEW SPRED SATIN colors are "Locked-in-Latex." They won't fade, chip or flake... they stay put. Your Glidden dealer has homogenized SPRED SATIN... in hundreds of dramatic colors.

New homogenized

SPRED SATIN

$6.69 GALLON

Price may vary in some areas. Tinted colors slightly higher.

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THE GLIDDEN COMPANY
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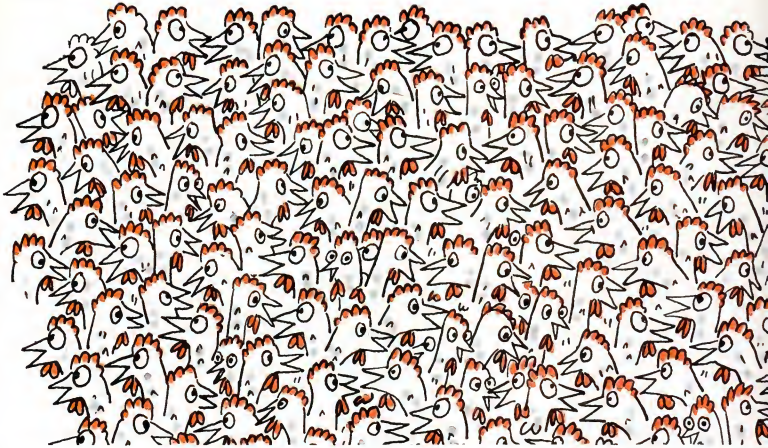
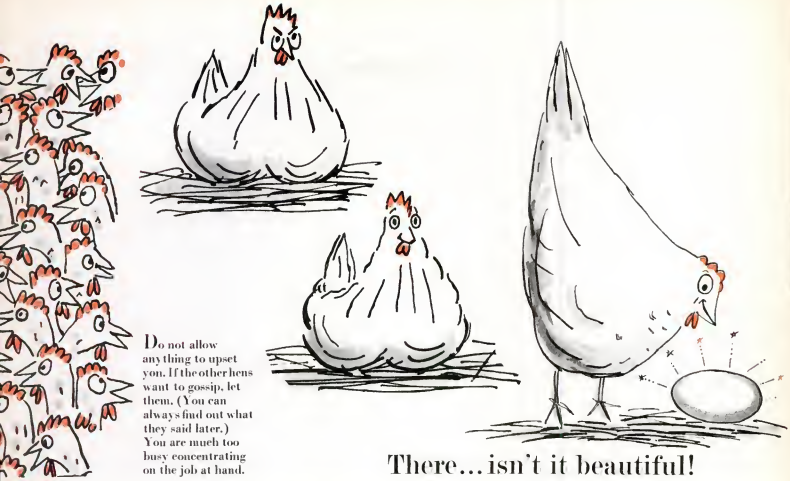


who ever heard of a Buick for only $2338.75*?

*Based on Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price for a two-door Special sedan with white side wall tires (includes reimbursement for Federal Excise Tax and Suggested Dealer Delivery and Handling Charge). Transportation charges, State and Local Taxes, accessories and other optional equipment additional.



Do not allow anything to upset you. If the other hens want to gossip, let them. (You can always find out what they said later.) You are much too busy concentrating on the job at hand.

There... isn't it beautiful!

It's the trim, jaunty, high-riding success of 1963, the Buick Special. And it's the middleweight champion of the world—a Buick through and through. Which means you get Buick's famous silk-smooth ride, boulevard comfort and armchair room. Plus interiors that are pure wall-to-wall luxury. Plus high resale value. And every inch has the stamp of Buick engineering and workmanship. At the happy low Buick price you see here, you'll also get America's only V-6 engine for big-car action on precious small sips of regular gas. So see your Buick dealer during his "Record Setting Days." Go first class in a Buick Special...or in a Buick LeSabre, Wildcat, Skylark, Electra 225, or Riviera.

Buick

Tastes Great

because the tobaccos are!

21 Great Tobaccos make 20 Wonderful Smokes!

Chesterfield King tastes great, smokes mild. You get 21 vintage tobaccos grown mild, aged mild, blended mild, and made to taste even milder through longer length.

CHESTERFIELD KING

Tastes Great... Smokes Mild!

LONGER LENGTH... MILDER TASTE

The smoke of a Chesterfield King mellows and softens as it flows through longer length... becomes smooth and gentle to your taste.

299-GAME-WINNER EARLY WYNN

The Old Indian's Last Stand

by JAMES BRESLIN

At 8 o'clock in the morning Floyd, the night man at the Early Wynn Steak House and Bowling Lanes in Venice, Fla., went into a narrow, windowless, cinder-block office and woke up the old Indian, who was asleep in a T-shirt on the couch. His name is Early Wynn and he sat up, ran a hand through his Cherokee-black hair, and then reached for his dental plates. They were on a cluttered desk, next to the bottles of pills he uses for the gout.

The dental plates, which hold seven teeth, are the result of being hit in the face with a line drive. The gout, which settles in his right shoulder and elbow and gets bad at times, comes from 25 years of traveling with baseball teams and eating rich food in restaurants. Wynn also has a badly twisted ring finger on his right hand. A couple of years ago a construction worker at a local diner thought he could abuse the pitcher, so Wynn tried to put his right hand through the side of the guy's head. Everybody in Venice who saw it says it was a spectacular knockout. But Wynn hurt his finger with the punch and for a couple of months he thought he would never pitch again.

When Wynn started to dress in his office on this morning he found he had no clean socks. He put on sandals and went to the car with a dirty pair of socks in his hand. He would wash them at the ball park. He owns a $50,000 waterfront house only a few minutes from his place, but after 18 years of marriage he and his wife Lorraine have separated. Now Early sleeps on a couch in the office of his bowling alley or in a trailer he has parked nearby. Nothing is permanent for him any more—least of all baseball.

Early Wynn is 43 years old now and he long ago established himself as one of the best right-handers

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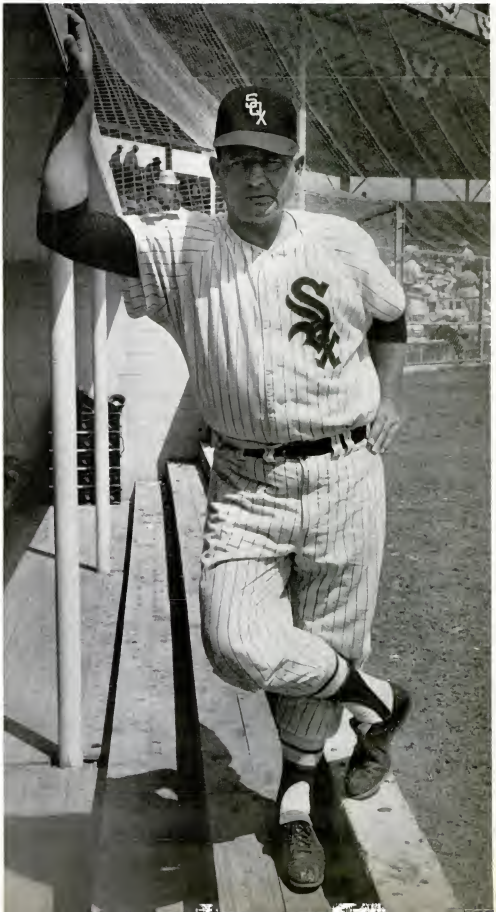

Waiting for a game to begin at the White Sox training camp in Sarasota, 43-year-old Early Wynn sternly contemplates the start of his 20th season in professional baseball.

A man needs *Jockey* support
® BRAND

Jockey briefs are for *men.* Made from 13 separate pieces to give the support and protection every man needs

A man needs a special kind of support. And only Jockey—the original brief—is tailored from 13 separate pieces of closer-knit, combed cotton into a design that fits the male body *right* . . . stays *right.* No binding. No bagging. Support is constant because of the firm, longer-lasting waistband. And only the Jockey brief is specially designed to provide no-gap security.

Some briefs cost less, but they have less . . . less support, less comfort, less wear. So get the real thing—Jockey, the original brief—for the support every man needs.

EARLY WYNN CONTINUED

baseball has ever known. He has won 299 games in the major leagues and wants to be the third man in modern times to win 300 or more. Only Lefty Grove and Warren Spahn, another left-hander, have done it since 1930. Before them, only 11 others were able to win that many. The select list includes hallowed names like Grover Cleveland Alexander, Christy Mathewson and Walter Johnson. There are no fluke 300-game winners. Because of today's revolving-door policy, which has pitchers in and out of games so quickly, Wynn may well be the last to come near the 300 figure. There is also a good chance that getting near 300 is all Early will be permitted to do.

Late last season Wynn missed three straight chances to get his 300th. After his 299th victory on Sept. 8, Lopez held him out of the lineup for 10 days so that he could pitch the big game before a home crowd. The Red Sox knocked him out of the box in the fifth inning and went on to beat Chicago, 10–5. The game became Wynn's 240th loss. His last two attempts of the season were against the Yankees, and both were heartbreakers: first they beat him 5–1 in an extra-inning game. Then, on his last chance of the year, Wynn's own mistakes cost him the victory. He threw a knuckleball to Clete Boyer of the Yankees that still hasn't bent. Boyer slammed it for a double. After that he threw a curve that did not curve to Joe Pepitone. This one went into the right-field stands.

After the game the White Sox players sat silently in front of their lockers while Wynn walked up and down in the dressing room. There was no cursing. No chairs or gloves were slammed around. There was only Wynn walking up and down and saying nothing.

"Don't go near him," Tony Cuccinello, the old coach, whispered. "If you go near him now, he'll kill you with his bare hands. This guy doesn't joke."

So Wynn came back this year to get what belongs to him. But he is a year older and it is not easy. On this morning, for example, he came out for a practice at Payne Park in Sarasota with two thick shirts on under his uniform to help him sweat off the fat. He did not have to look far for trouble. It was right in front of him. There were 25 other pitchers on the field, many of whom were not born when Wynn was already a big-leaguer.

Manager Al Lopez of the White Sox can keep only 10 of the 26 pitchers now on his roster. He is not going to keep Wynn just to give him a chance at his 300th victory. No professional baseball team that wants to do any good can carry a man for sentiment. Either you can pitch for a whole season or you can't and you get cut. This is the business.

So Wynn, after all those years and all those victories, was out on a baseball field last week and Lopez and his coaches were giving him the same appraising look people have to face anywhere when they are looking for work.

If Wynn cannot make it, baseball will be the big loser. For Early Wynn—or Gus, as they call him—is the perfect ad for the sport. At 16, during the depression, he was an unschooled kid farming peanuts in Hartford, Ala. In country boy's uniform—bare feet and overalls—he drove a truck 400 miles to Sanford, Fla. where the Washington club was holding a minor league tryout camp. He was signed for $100 a month. That was in 1937.

Today Wynn is a handsome, well-dressed, soft-spoken, mature man who has pitched for three major league teams. He moves through the big restaurant in his bowling alley shaking hands, talking with customers and always reaching to light somebody's cigaret. His Indian blood comes from his grandparents, and his strong, ruddy features still suggest the farm boy he once was. But Wynn once wrote his own column for a Cleveland newspaper. He is a photography buff, flies his own plane and is one of the leaders of a political fight for better highways on the Florida west coast.

He has traveled through baseball on a first-class ticket since the day he cashed his first paycheck. With Early Wynn it is good talk and hors d'oeuvres and all the whisky they can take for any visitors to his hotel suite. But he is not a soft man. He weighs 218 pounds and if anybody pushes him, there is a distinct chance that he will push back. In baseball he is regarded as one of the two or three most competitive pitchers anybody today can remember.

When somebody reminds him he has a reputation for being mean, his face takes on a hurt look. "I never throw at a man's head," Wynn insists. Then he smiles and leans across to you at the bar and jabs a big hand into your ribs. "Right there, now that's a different story. That's where you put it when you sort of want the man to stop crowding that plate. You kind of put a board in his back."

When Wynn stands on the mound and works at his trade, he regards every batter as an enemy. Even his own son. A few years ago in Cleveland, Wynn pitched batting practice to his son Joe before

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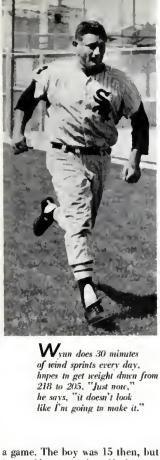

Wynn does 30 minutes of wind sprints every day, hopes to get weight down from 218 to 215. "Just now," he says, "it doesn't look like I'm going to make it."

a game. The boy was 15 then, but he could swing a bat. He hit two long ones in a row off his father. The ushers, standing around in the empty park, started to clap. Wynn's mouth thinned. From this point on, Early claims, the story has been distorted. He mumbles something about only wanting to teach the boy a lesson. But the fact remains the next thing anybody saw was Joe Wynn, age 15, flat on his back in the batting cage, scared stiff from one of Pop's knockdown pitches.

Last year Wynn was pitching batting practice to Joe Cunningham, the White Sox first baseman, and Cunningham slammed a line drive at the box. It missed Wynn by inches. Wynn said nothing. He took a new ball, wound up and threw. The pitch was right under Cunningham's chin and the batter fell onto his back getting away from it. Cunningham got up, dusted himself off, then stepped in again. The next pitch was also right at his chin, and Joe had to flop again. After the third knockdown pitch, Wynn let up. After all, Cunningham was a teammate.

"Early Wynn can put a ball any place he wants to, including in your ribs," Bill Veeck, his old Cleveland boss, was saying one night last week. "Now the rules have been changed so pitches around the shoulders will be strikes—that's a present for Wynn. He's always been a high ball pitcher, using fast, breaking stuff on the inside. Believe me, he's going to have a good year."

Wynn wants the good year, not just one good game. After one workout in the first weeks of spring training he sat in an old saloon behind the ball park in Sarasota and drank a couple of tap beers and talked about it. The saloon was the perfect place to talk about anything. It had a cement floor, a loud player piano, an old barmaid who had a hangover and a skylight that dripped rain onto the bar when a sudden shower developed.

"I want to win about 15," Wynn was saying. "Then so-today somebody'll look at the record book and see I didn't just barely make it. The man'll see I really meant it. What's the sense of torturing myself like this just to come back for one game? If you do a job, do it all the way. I don't even think about not making it. I'm just here, period.

"I'd like to show up some people, too. When I was released by the White Sox last winter, this Finley, the man who owns Kansas City, called me up. 'I think you deserve the chance to win your 300th game,' he told me. Isn't that nice of him? I 'deserve' it. He is going to let me fill his ball park with people who want to see me win my 300th game. That's nice of him. Well, I don't deserve *that*."

Early shook his head. "I got my whole life put into this game. Hell, Goose Goslin was playing baseball when I first came up to Washington. Imagine that! I played with Goose Goslin. Hell, I belong in a rocking chair." He says it with a laugh, but the listener recognizes the old, poignant cycle of sports—a great athlete growing old in his job and trying to hang on until he gets all he wants; and then suddenly finding himself put in with young kids who try to move past him and take the bread out of his mouth.

You can see this during a White Sox workout. The club finally decided to give Wynn a chance to prove he could make the team—no contract, no promises. He is strictly a free agent. He stands out near the right-field fence, squinting in the sun. Then he puts his head down and runs a wind sprint of about 60 yards across the outfield grass. He has been running these sprints for 20 minutes. When he finishes this one, his chest is heaving. He stands and runs the back of his thumb across his forehead to keep the sweat from running into his eyes. Then he looks at the moisture on his thumb.

"Blood," he laughs. "Man my age shouldn't be out here like this. I'll drop dead. Then where we going to be?" He laughs again and then pushes off on his right foot and starts another sprint. He runs like an old cop.

A few yards away three or four of the young pitchers start to pull up after a sprint. They all move with the huge, wonderful, springy strides of the young athlete. When

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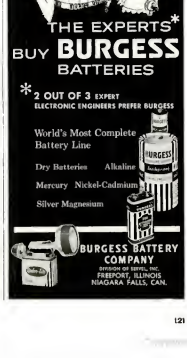

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SWANK—WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF MEN'S JEWELRY

At the Early Wynn Steak House, a $500,000 restaurant and bowling alley in Venice, Fla., co-owner Wynn plays host to the customers.

EARLY WYNN CONTINUED

they stop, one of them, a towering kid with a crew cut, glances at Wynn. The kid is about 21 and he has an 18-inch neck. He is up from the minors someplace and he intends to stay. Now he stands with the others and keeps looking at Wynn. And you can almost hear him say it:

"You old hum, I hope you fold and go home."

Wynn has until April 8, when the roster is cut, to make it. He feels that is all the time he needs. And anybody who has been around Wynn finds it impossible to believe he is not going to make it.

"I'll tell you one thing," says Al Lopez, who has been Wynn's manager, at Cleveland and Chicago, for 11 years, "if heart has anything to do with it, Early'll be there. Take that business with Valdivielso. That shows you what he is."

Lopez was talking about a game in Washington in 1956. Lopez was managing the Cleveland Indians then and he had Wynn working. In the fourth inning, José Valdivielso, a Washington infielder, hit a line drive right back at Wynn. The pitcher never saw the ball coming. The liner slammed off the point of his chin and rolled halfway to first. Wynn staggered. Then he went for the ball. He couldn't see because he was knocked dizzy. But he ran low, with his hands out, groping for the ball so he could try and throw to first.

He never found the ball, and Lopez came out of the dugout on the run to look at him. Wynn buried his chin in his chest and wouldn't talk.

"Lemme see your chin," Lopez said.

"I'm fine," Wynn said.

"Come on, let me see the chin."

"No."

"Let me see the chin or I'll take you out without looking."

Wynn picked up his head. He had a deep gash and every one of his lower teeth was loose. Later it took 16 stitches to close the gash and he lost seven of the teeth. His mouth hurt and blood was splattering his uniform. But he didn't want to come out of the game.

"I want to pitch to him once more," Wynn said. He looked over at Valdivielso, who was on first. Valdivielso was worried. Lopez of course said no and yanked Wynn out of the game. Valdivielso felt a lot better when he saw Wynn go.

"He was scared to death of me staying in there," Wynn remembers. "He should have been. Nobody hits the ball back at me and gets away with it."

Off the field Wynn can be just as tough. There was one night last winter when Early noticed a car following him as he drove home after closing up the bowling alleys at 2 a.m. Wynn made a couple of turns and the car still followed. Early drove up a dead-end street, pulled into a driveway and then reached under the front seat for a little item which he's licensed to carry, known as a Magnum .357. This is listed as a pistol, but they could fight the next war with it and get a lot done.

The guy following Wynn took one look at the pistol in Early's fist and tried to back out of the street in a hurry. But his rear wheels went into a ditch. Then he tried to get out and run, but he slipped and fell on his face in a puddle of water in the bottom of the ditch.

CONTINUED

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Charlotte ... Jimmie Ledford's, Inc. (Freedom Drive & Park Road Stores)
Concord ... Belk's Dept. Store
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Durham ... Ven Streatens
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Gastonia ... Matthews-Belk Co.
Gastonia ... Warren Gardner's, Inc.
Graham ... Crawford's Dept. Store
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Hendersonville ... Patterson's Men's Shop
Hickory ... Ervin's Men's Shop
Hickory ... The Men's Shop
High Point ... Cannon-Fetzer Co.
Kannapolis ... Hills Clothing Store
Kernersville ... Corder's
Kings Mountain ... Plank Bros.
Kinston ... Brody's Dept. Store
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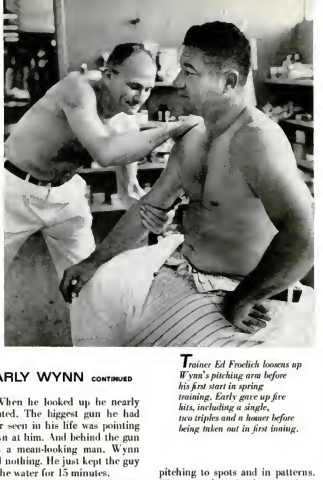

EARLY WYNN CONTINUED

When he looked up he nearly fainted. The biggest gun he had ever seen in his life was pointing down at him. And behind the gun was a mean-looking man. Wynn said nothing. He just kept the guy in the water for 15 minutes.

Early finally said, "Where you from?"

"The circus," the guy said, thinking fast. The circus was indeed at its winter quarters in Venice at the time.

"Well, you go back and tell *everybody* that I don't take receipts out of the building at night," Wynn said. "And if I ever see you again, I don't know what I'm going to do to you."

Wynn got back into his car and drove away. The formalitics of the situation—police calls and the like—did not interest him. He knew it would be the last time the fellow would follow him.

Wynn is one of the few baseball players around who didn't learn his trade until after he got to the major leagues. He came up to the old Washington Senators in 1939 as strictly a fast-ball pitcher. Washington had eight men who could hit .300 or better, but nobody could catch a ball. The pitching was terrible. Wynn, trying to get by with a fast ball only, was murdered. In 1941 he had lost 17 games by July. Then the Army drafted him.

"If they'd of left me alone, I'd a' lost 50 that year," Wynn says.

He was traded to Cleveland in 1948, and it was the break of his life. Mel Harder, the articulate Cleveland pitching coach, took Early aside and showed him the mysteries of the curve ball and pitching to spots and in patterns. Wynn, working hard, came along fast. He became a regular 20-game winner and ran up the numbers big from then on.

"It hasn't all been nice, though," he says now, "off the field or on." He shut his eyes to remember. A game lost here, a game lost there—he remembers them all but a few stick out. "There's a game two years ago," he said finally. "Of all the ones I blew over all the years that's the one I think hurt me most. We're ahead of the Yankees by four runs in the sixth inning. I got the gout in my elbow. There is no way not to get the gout, the way I live. Always on the road someplace, eating steak and spaghetti and barbecued spareribs and French fries in restaurants. A little beer and Scotch and so forth. Well, the gout is in my elbow this day and the bases are loaded, and the score is 6-2. Bob Cerv is up. I fire. Nothing happens. My elbow hardly bends. Damn gout. The ball comes right up there. Cerv hits it 450 feet for a grand slam. We finally pulled the game out, but by that time I'd been yanked and someone else got credit for the win. You could say that game ruffled my feelings a little bit."

Wynn was waving a filter-tipped cigaret in his right hand as he talked. His wrist, after years of snapping off curve balls, is as thick as his ankle.

His world series record—one win in four starts—doesn't set too well with Early either. "There was this boy Dusty Rhodes," he said. He shook his head and called for an-

CONTINUED

Trainer Ed Froelich loosens up Wynn's pitching arm before his first start in spring training. Early gave up five hits, including a single, two triples and a homer before being taken out in first inning.

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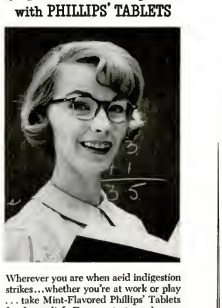

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EAT WELL . . . BUT WISELY.

EARLY WYNN CONTINUED

other beer. "I don't even want to remember him. I'm going along fine against the Giants in the '54 World Series. It's the second game, fifth inning, and we're ahead 1-0. Up Rhodes comes. Pinch hitter. Two men on base. I throw him a pitch he still hasn't seen. He just swings. He gets a little piece of the ball. I still can hear that tinny ring. The ball drops in over the infield and it's a mess. He's a national hero. A couple of years later nobody could find him, he was so deep in the minors. And here I am, nine years later, still around. A guy like that beats you, it's got to burn."

Wynn looked at the clock up over the bar and said he had to go back to Venice. His place there had partner troubles for over a year and now Early is trying to push the business up to where it should be.

"I'll be back tomorrow," he said. "Donating more blood."

He thinks he is a cinch to make the team. But later in the day Al Lopez, the White Sox manager, sat at a candlelit table in the cocktail lounge of the Sarasota Terrace Hotel and he was saying he didn't think it was an easy case at all.

"I'm handicapped here," he said quietly. "I can only keep 10 pitchers. What can I do? I can't do anything. Early has to force his way in.

"I don't have to tell you what this does to me. Hell, I've had Early pitching for me since 1951. He's a friend of mine. I won a pennant with him in Cleveland. I come to Chicago and I win a pennant with him in 1959. The guy will do anything for you. He was the best pitcher in baseball and he'd come around and say, 'Any time you get a little short in the bullpen, I'll work relief between starts.' Where you going to find a man like this?"

Lopez shook his head sadly. "All these things don't count now. It's only what he can do now. He's old. In spring training he used to be out pitching batting practice the first day. Now he waited about a week before he thought he was ready. It's going to be real tough for him. The 300 games? It means nothing. That's just a figure. I've got to look to a whole season."

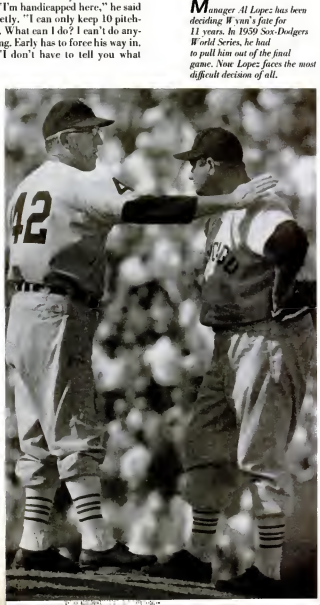
"Who has to tell him if it doesn't work out?" he was asked.

"Me," Lopez said.

"What do you tell a fellow after 25 years?"

He looked down at the table. "I don't know. I just don't know. I just thank God that he's the kind of man he is."

Manager Al Lopez has been deciding Wynn's fate for 14 years. In 1959 Sox-Dodgers World Series, he had to pull him out of the final game. Now Lopez faces the most difficult decision of all.



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David's Steel Goliaths

Contending with giants of steel is a way of life to David Smith. He has been at it for years—cutting, pounding, welding the bold monuments that have made him foreman of the steel-sculpture school and hoisted him into the top rank of 20th Century artists. Just turned 57, Smith is enjoying a snowballing success. An exhibition of his work is traveling around the U.S. and another is touring Europe. Collectors and museums are bidding for his sculptures at prices he sets—from $5,000 to $50,000.

This success, coming after decades of hard work, is shrugged off by Smith. For him it is meaningful chiefly because it pays the bills for materials which make more hard work possible. Living by himself in a back-road house near Lake George, N.Y., he puts in from eight to 12 hours a day on his sculpture. Winter is his ally. "There's no place to go, no dames, no fish to catch. Winter presses you to extend," says Smith, "and I'm trying to push out to some place that's not known yet."

CONTINUED

The Heavy Work That Made Him Famous

Once a riveter in a Studebaker plant, David Smith now runs his own small factory at Bolton Landing. He employs two steel workers to keep his studio in order, lay in supplies (a truckload of steel a month), coat his sculptures with submarine paint. Smith himself works steadily and wordlessly. A monolithic man, he lugs sculpture and materials with lumbering ease (*top*). He spends much of his time on his knees on the floor where he spreads his metal cutouts (*above*), shifts them until the design looks right and ready for welding (*left*). Grinding off seams, polishing surfaces, forging, hammering parts (*right*), he keeps up to a dozen works going at once. Near midnight he lays off, settles down to reading — more often than not, steel magazines: "I go to bed thinking about sculpture," he says, "and I'm still hammering at it in my dreams."

CONTINUED

STEEL SCULPTOR
CONTINUED

Planted with his sculpture, the snow-steeped fields around David Smith's house near Lake George have become a 30-acre outdoor museum. Some 40 works are on display to the postmen and farmers, deer and fox that pass by. Twisted and truncated images of bronze tilt along the slopes. Signposts of polished and painted steel scale the sky, their messages spelled out in circles, shafts, rectangles and cubes. These showcase fields grew from necessity. A prolific worker who has produced as many as 26 sculptures in a month, Smith long ago filled up his cellar and then his garage. With no storage space left, he hauled out his sculptures with a bulldozer and trailer and bolted them into concrete blocks set about the fields. For the solitary sculptor they are good company. He broods over them in the morning, rambles around them by moonlight. "Someday," he muses, "I'll have all my fields covered. To let a piece get away from me, I'll have to need the money had."

SHE'S GOT ME DOING IT

Every girl knows that it's impolite to yawn, but men can be such frightful bores—particularly when they are all caught up in their hobbies. At least that's the way it must have seemed to Jackie Shragge, age four months, of Vancouver, British Columbia. There it was, 6 o'clock in the morning, with serious work to be done. First there was the squalling to attend to, then the feeding, then the burping. And what was daddy doing? Fiddling around with his silly camera, of course. Trying to make her smile, telling her to look at the birdie, clicking that noisy old shutter. It was enough to make any young lady forget her manners. Especially if mother was forgetting hers too.

Another adventure in one of the 87 lands where Canadian Club is "The Best In The House"

In Turkey, they almost cooked my goose with their Ring-of-Fire leap

1. "It was too late to back out," writes Chuck Kern, American friend of Canadian Club, "but as the flames crackled around the ring I had to jump through, I called myself seven kinds of idiot. In Turkey, only the top athletes from colleges and military academies dare the 'ring-of-fire' leap but I let my friends kid me into making the try. It seemed simple enough—just a running jump ending with a dive through a hoop. But what a difference when they pour on gasoline and set the ring on fire!

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2. "The flames formed a searing curtain about my target. Miss the center and more than my pride would suffer, I backed off . . . then sprinted down the path. With every ounce of strength I had, I leaped headfirst at the ring.

3. "I aimed for the center but I jumped too high. A flame licked my shirt and I was on fire! Even before my feet touched the ground, my Turkish friends were on me, tearing off the flaming shirt.

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